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BY

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Rough Stuff in Morocco

Lovely Lillie Langtry

BY

T. P. O'CONNOR

Brazil—Where the Ants Come From

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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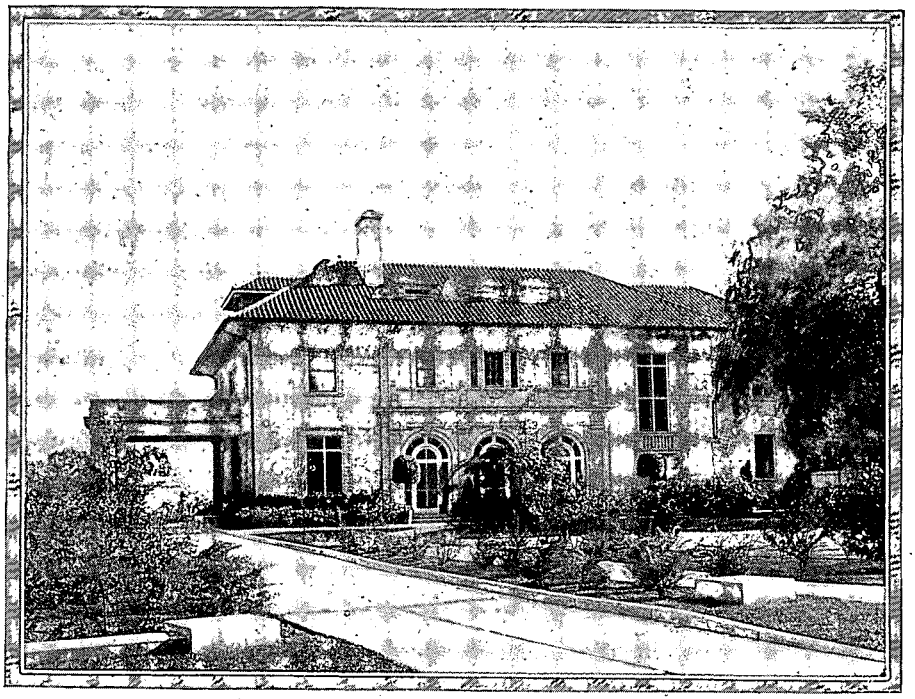

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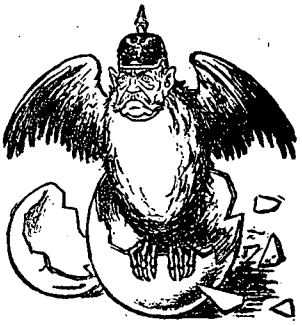

7. Wilhelm II.....

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THIS WEEK

WHEREVER you go for your last two weeks in August, avoid Morocco, but not *Arnaldo Cipolla's* account of it. There was a time when Abd-el-Krim could not decide whether or not he wanted to capture Fez, so he stalled around, having his troops display the horribly mutilated bodies of dead prisoners before the enemy. No doubt it is the fear of just such tactics as these that has made England, in the eyes of quite unbalanced critics, appear to have failed to keep her gaudy war-time promises in Egypt. At any rate, *Robert de Traz* has to exhaust his entire store of Swiss logic before he can put his Pasha friend in his place. First they talk economics, then art and philosophy. The bout is finally declared a draw. No sooner is that fight over than *A German Correspondent* explains, with pardonable unctuousness, the antiforeign feeling in China. Although their country has been pillaged by every mucker in Europe, the Chinese remain completely serene. They display neither mutilated bodies nor horse-trader's logic. They are what the British would call gentlemen.

❦ ❦ ❦

Whenever *L. A. Morrison* feels blue, he puts a copy of the *Golden Treasury* into the pocket of his shaggy golf-suit and strides out among the great English hills. With his initials, he certainly ought to know about the *Living Age*, but the fact that he prefers mere poetry shows that he evidently does n't and proves once more what a horribly provincial place his country really is.

❦ ❦ ❦

Though he is a member of Baldwin's Cabinet, *Lord Birkenhead* seems to have taken the advice of the man who writes advertisements for the Correspondence Schools and has started to make money in his spare time. The item that he evidently checked on his coupon was Scandal, if we may judge from his pitiless exposure of the Marconi Wireless Case, in which Cecil Chesterton, Fatty's brother, was sued by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, Lord Reading's brother, and, incidentally, brother under the skin of Israel Zangwill, Al Jolson, and Karl Marx. As luck would have it, Mr. Isaacs was declared innocent of sharp practice, and the Chestertons had to dig down in their pants' pockets and pay the costs of the trial.

❦ ❦ ❦

If *Mr. T. P. O'Connor* is to be believed when he describes Mrs. Langtry as 'a deprecating Englishwoman,' then she was indeed unique. Not only was she easily as beautiful as anyone in Hollywood, but she attracted all the notoriety that a Jackie Coogan, a Prince of Wales, or a 'Professor' Scopes does to-day. And still Mr. Darrow believes in progress, but not in God.

❦ ❦ ❦

Siegfried Albert Scholz concludes his Brazilian adventures in this issue. His description of the invasion of his house by an army of ants who cleaned up every bug in the place ranks with some of the finest passages in Homer or Thucydides. Then come the Great War, misunderstandings, reconciliations, and last of all, when Brazil threw her entire resources into the struggle, exile.

❦ ❦ ❦

Sargent, like Whistler and Henry James, is one of those rare Americans whose only misfortune was that the British should have considered them worth cultivating. *Hamilton Minchin* does the honors as far as the *Living Age* is concerned. Another eminently respectable contribution is that of *Henry Tristram*, who does an Opal Whiteley on Cardinal Newman. The Cardinal's schoolboy efforts were never torn to pieces, and we leave it to you to decide whether you think they should have been.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *AUGUST 1, 1925* — NO. 4230

AROUND THE WORLD IN JULY

MIDSUMMER has witnessed a recession of political shocks from the unstable area of Western Europe to the great fault that divides the white and the colored races. Even there only two points of acute disturbance are to be recorded for the moment: Morocco and China. But this breathing-spell of comparative political placidity has not been accompanied by economic convalescence. European industry is suffering from something more than hot-weather dullness. The depression is more acute in Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland than in France and Italy, where unsound currencies have produced a fever of factitious prosperity.

Nevertheless, even the business situation has reassuring aspects. Agriculture seems to be doing well almost everywhere. Russia's recovery is making slight headway. Both her industrial and agricultural production now approach three quarters of the pre-war standard, and during the last three years manufacturing has made relatively faster progress than farming, though a vast amount remains to be done before equilibrium between these branches of production is restored.

Early in the month Great Britain, following the example of our own country, sent notes to the Governments of all her debtor States asking them to propose terms of settlement. Their aggregate debts to her total about ten billion dollars, and represent an annual burden of half a billion dollars upon British taxpayers. One third of them, due from Russia, may be defaulted, and others will have to be discounted. Yet even if the British Government recovers only one half of what is due it, the people will be relieved of a shilling in the pound on their income tax.

But Great Britain's economic problem is not primarily one of international finance. Between May 25 and June 27 the number of unemployed increased by 100,000, and rose well above the million mark. This gives a handle for inflationists to attack the Government's return to gold, a superficially plausible contention. It is easier — and probably more to the point so far as it goes — to attribute the growing sluggishness of British industry to the decline of exports to China. The crisis in coal-mining, where operators demand that the men accept lower

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wages and threaten to upset all existing agreements with the miners, is due to world-wide conditions, which are reflected also in the depression of the shipping trades. In 1924 both France and Belgium exceeded their pre-war coal output, while that of Great Britain was less by 17,000,000 tons than it was in 1913. Continental miners receive lower wages than the British, and the collieries there have been largely re-equipped since the war with the most modern machinery; so their costs of production are relatively much lower. Nevertheless, the crisis extends also to the Continent.

A Government swept into office by such a sudden wave of popularity as was the Baldwin Cabinet could hardly expect to retain public favor unimpaired during the present hard times. But, though the Ministry has disappointed many pleasant expectations, the country has already tried Liberals and Laborists in office without finding any rising hope among them to capture its confidence.

The meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels would have had a better press if Europe were not surfeited with conferences of this kind. The British papers made much of Sir Josiah Stamp's blunt talk, in which this chief British promoter of the Dawes Plan declared that Germany will not and cannot pay the two and one-half billion marks annually provided for under that arrangement, for the simple reason that she cannot find markets for that value in goods abroad so long as her creditors shut them out by high tariffs and other import barriers. This suggestion, we are told, 'set manufacturers and traders by the ears. The attitude of the American delegation was typical of the average producer. These overseas delegates preached abolishing customs frontiers to the European peoples, assuring them that in consequence they would enjoy American prosperity. But that Sir Josiah should apply the same rule to Americans was quite another matter.'

'The war against evolution in America,' which is making this country the butt of the wits of all the rest of the world, has naturally received its full meed of attention in the press. The London *Outlook* insists on regarding it as an advertising dodge for the enterprising town of Dayton, which it pictures as flooded with tourists arriving by every sort of conveyance from a Pullman car to a one-horse shay, and depicts America as just reaching the stage of intellectual advancement of Great Britain 'forty years ago when Wace and Wilberforce were opposing Huxley.'

In France, Caillaux grows stronger daily with everybody but the Socialists. His practically unanimous election to the Senate was significant. He is the most Mussolini-like man in French politics — probably more so than Poincaré was at the height of his power. But pinnacles of favor are precarious perches in French public life. Briand, who seeks prestige more indolently, may possibly wear longer, though that is for the future to tell. The *Saturday Review* says: 'A few months ago even the Communists looked upon M. Caillaux as a martyr — a rather wealthy martyr, perhaps, but one who could be trusted to tax other wealthy people without mercy. M. Briand, on the other hand, was still the traitor who had deserted his former colleagues of the Left. Now, all this is changed. M. Briand, by a consistent moderation in foreign policy, has won for himself enormous popularity among the Parties of the Left, whereas M. Caillaux has aroused anger by declaring that he will fight Socialist financial doctrines rather than surrender to them.' In any case, Caillaux has

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got his balanced budget and his gold loan, plus the autocratic power to curtail public expenditures that the Chamber refused Poincaré.

The Morocco war has disillusioned the French with their colored troops. Abd-el-Krim's Moors frankly prefer fighting the French to fighting the Spaniards, because, though the former have the better officers, their Senegalese soldiers take to their heels as soon as their commanders have been killed. So the Moors can husband their ammunition by picking officers for their marks. On the other hand, Spanish infantrymen fight on bravely even after they are left leaderless. An anonymous but evidently authoritative contributor to *Le Correspondant* makes no secret of the unsatisfactory condition of the colonial army. Public opinion will not permit France to send her own sons in large numbers to Africa. The Foreign Legion receives so few French and so many German recruits that it is no longer trustworthy. Under the present compulsory-service law black recruits, who do not learn the trade of soldiers readily, become nothing more than poor militiamen. Though still obedient, they are not as contented as formerly. In the first place, they are no longer volunteers. Army life interferes perforce with the rites of their religion. Those stationed in France and on the Rhine have been more or less corrupted by city life, by drink, and other vices acquired from contact with the whites, and by insidious propaganda. The latter is both Pan-Islamic and xenophobe — part of the world-wide agitation of the colored races against the whites — and also Bolshevist. Mohammedan Communist agitators, graduated from Soviet training schools in Moscow and Central Asia, and aided by French Communists, have infiltrated the black garrisons with Bolshevist doctrines.

La France Militaire says: 'We thought from seeing the natives in service during the war that conscription would work as well in North Africa as in France. But five years' experience proves that natives enrolled and instructed like white troops are very mediocre soldiers, deficient in both morale and training.' It is clearly dangerous, this paper says, to teach black troops patriotism, for that might make them Riffian patriots instead of French patriots — 'the sentiment of duty to the nation, the sense of an obligation to sacrifice himself for our fatherland, are ideals forever foreign to the native.' The only substitute for this sentiment is loyalty to his regiment or his commander.

France and Spain have reached an agreement, the exact terms of which will not be known until they are applied, for joint action in Morocco. In Italy, Mussolini's health is a grave problem — the graver since the Fascist Government has frankly abandoned last winter's attempt to return to constitutional procedure and is ruling the country by increasingly dictatorial methods. If Mussolini's physical condition is such that his death may occur at any moment, chaos may follow that event as a result of the extreme centralization of authority in his hands. General di Bono's acquittal does not exculpate him from charges connected with the Matteotti case, but only from the accusation that he was implicated in the attack upon Amendola, an anti-Fascist leader. The bloodless revolution in Greece has run a conventional course. The new military Cabinet has received the technical endorsement of Parliament. The overturn represents the ascendancy of the militarists, whose headquarters are at Saloniki, over the civilian politicians, who forgather at Athens. This division between the army and an apathetic

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public is long-standing. It antedates the discord between the Venizelists and the anti-Venizelists, and has reappeared since that leader has ceased to figure prominently in Greek public life.

Belgium, after ten weeks without a Cabinet, has finally acquired a ministry headed by a Left Clerical and consisting largely of Socialists. This represents a swing to the Left, responding to the change of sentiment manifested at the last general election, and the elimination of the Liberals. For some years Belgium's destinies have been controlled by a more conservative Catholic group. Holland's general elections early in July passed without incident, except to record a swing toward the Left, especially in the cities.

In Germany the Luther Cabinet has had to steer a ticklish course between Junker extremists, who opposed a policy of reconciliation with France, and the Clericals and other Parties farther to the Left, who favored continuing negotiations on the basis of the Anglo-French Security Note. As the *Journal de Genève* puts it: 'Stresemann has had to make the Nationalists walk Republican.' An embarrassing domestic issue is put out of the way with the passage of a scaling law providing for the redemption of Germany's war loans at five per cent or less of par. This winds up one more chapter in the history of Europe's war penances.

Poland is probably reassured by the wording of the last Security Note to Berlin, which indicates that France stands by her military alliance with that country. But the recent interval of uncertainty caused a remarkable reversal of sentiment among certain Warsaw politicians, who began to advocate reconciliation with Russia and Pan-Slavic union against Germany.

A Cairo correspondent of *Journal de Genève* contrasts that city with Constantinople, whose dilapidated streets and deserted wharves 'afford a striking picture of what would happen to the whole Near East if the foreigners who create its wealth were driven out.' He depicts the Turks as stagnant, pauperized, and politically contented, and the Egyptians as busy, prosperous, and politically discontented. Persia has just taken another step toward superficial democracy by abolishing all titles of nobility. She has also renewed her contract with an American financial mission, and has strengthened the treasury by authorizing new taxes on sugar and tea, for the purpose of providing funds for railroads, highways, and schools.

India, like Great Britain, Japan, and most of Western Europe, is passing through an acute business crisis. This has affected particularly her coal and her young steel-and-iron industry, which is still confined to a single large establishment, and her cotton mills, which are suffering from Japanese competition. Mr. Sen Gupta, who has been chosen leader of the Indian Swarajists to succeed the late C. R. Das, is not generally regarded as a man of the same calibre as his late leader, nor has he as yet the solid backing of his predecessor. Gandhi volunteered to assume the burden of formal leadership, but was rejected. The Bengalese were determined to have a man of their own, but the prediction is that their Province will count for less in the Indian movement than it has hitherto.

General Feng keeps in the limelight. His manifesto demanding the abrogation of the unequal treaties and the withdrawal of foreign control from the customs administration, and expressing his desire to wage a war of vengeance on Great Britain, aroused no special alarm in London, because it was interpreted as a momentary outbreak of feeling not likely to be followed up by action. *The Nation and the*

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Athenæum noted, however, that if the Christian General should decide to follow up his preaching by practice 'the situation would be very grave indeed. . . . It is most doubtful whether Chang Tso-lin or any other of the tuchuns would make open war against him if he put himself at the head of the patriotic movement.' A correspondent of the *Spectator*, who knows General Feng intimately and has frequently been his guest, protests against attributing Bolshevist doctrines to him and quotes him as saying: 'China is the most fertile field for Bolshevism and our Government is creating Bolshevism every day. Just think how corrupt officials after a short time in government service amass for themselves tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, some of them even millions of dollars, while the people under them are robbed and squeezed and become so poor and destitute that it is impossible for them to live. This is driving the people to become "Red." My principle is not Bolshevistic but Christian. On the other hand, the Bolshevist people are against us Christians.' Both the Independent Labor Party and the Trade-Union Congress of Great Britain sent telegrams of sympathy to the Chinese strikers in Shanghai, to the immense disgust of the more Conservative London journals.

America's feeling that the procrastination of the European Powers in carrying out the promises made China at the Washington Conference has had much to do with the present troubles is shared by England, where the press hastened to inform its readers that England and America are in agreement on this question. Many irritating discriminations still exist against the Chinese in their own country. For example, they are excluded from some of the public parks in Shanghai, although they pay taxes for their maintenance. They have no representation on the Shanghai Municipal Council, although the population of that city is predominantly Chinese.

The disturbance in China naturally comes right home to Japan. Our Pacific manœuvres are also still a worry to her, despite the profuse American assurances of good-will — from both official and self-appointed diplomats — that accompanied them. Japan's domestic politics will be upset until the effect of the new universal suffrage law, which enfranchised over twelve million voters, is known. The new Proletariat Party attracts growing attention, less as an existing organization than as a portentous possibility. A writer in the *Japan Advertiser* says that, while its leaders expect their candidates to win sixty per cent of the votes of the newly enfranchised electors, professional politicians pooh-pooh these prophecies. The peasants and laborers are not yet organized. They have no political discipline and experience. The task of coördinating their political views — or of giving them any political views whatever — is a gigantic one. The first labor of the new Party will be to bring peasants and industrial workers together. Present indications are that the unpropertied classes will first make their power felt in local elections. They have already seated their candidates in a number of city, town, and village assemblies.

An International Congress of Latin Women has been holding sessions in Mexico City, some of which appear to have been rather lively. Protestants and Catholics combined against the Socialists, who expressed their intention of running the Congress in their own way. To quote *El Universal*, 'epithets, shrieks, and catcalls were the order of the day.' The Radicals, who were in a majority, organized the committees and carried pro-proletarian and

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pro-class struggle resolutions, until an impromptu adjournment, apparently manœuvred by the Conservatives, was taken at a reception where the 'society side' of the Congress found itself in a majority.

A revolution in Ecuador, progress with arrangements for holding what promises to be a very picturesque plebiscite in Tacna-Arica, continuation of the wrangle between State and Church in Argentina, and manœuvring preliminary to the next Presidential election in Brazil, have occupied the attention of the political press in Latin America. Chile and Bolivia are having a press campaign over President Coolidge's Tacna-Arica arbitration. La Paz papers protest that his decision cannot affect Bolivia's right to a port on the Pacific. A Chilean diplomat and publicist has replied in a Santiago daily to the effect that the commercial interests of Eastern Bolivia, which is really tributary to the Atlantic, are not compromised by the absence of a Pacific port; and that Western Bolivia, where the chief interests are tin-mining and allied industries developed largely by Chilean enterprise with Chilean capital, is adequately served by the railways that Chile has built from the Bolivian plateau to Antofagasta and Arica. This argument thoroughly stirred up Bolivia, where it was interpreted as a subtle effort to divide the Republic against itself. Mass meetings were held in several places and an organization was formed to combat separatist tendencies within the country and emphasize its political and economic unity. This organization promises to become a centre of agitation for a Bolivian port upon the Pacific. Our readers will bear in mind that Bolivia was not a party to the treaty referring the Tacna-Arica dispute to the arbitration of the President.

AWAKENING CHINA
— *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Vienna

'There now, at all events you no longer look like a savage.' — *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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MOROCCO EPISODES[1]

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

I

A VISITOR'S first surprise upon arriving in French Morocco is at the Olympian indifference that people exhibit over the hostilities begun by Abd-el-Krim. I expected to find the country in a seriously disturbed condition and its European residents deeply concerned over the attitude of a population that certainly does not love them. But I found nothing of the sort. The reason is, first of all, the radical difference between the character of the Berbers of the Rif and of the people of Southern or French Morocco. The promptness with which the French line of defense was organized, the change that has come over Southern Morocco during the last few years with the introduction of modern civilization, and the prosperity that has followed in its train, have also contributed greatly to this result. . . .

Abd-el-Krim is too shrewd a man, with his experience and his Western training, not to foresee that, even in the doubtful event of his being able to capture Fez by a sudden thrust, his success would be but ephemeral. France is not Spain, and the colonial armies of the Republic fight with a different spirit and a different training from Spain's imported soldiers in Morocco. Neither did the chieftain of the Rif delude himself with the idea that he could start a general Mussulman revolt in French Morocco. He was well aware that his title of Defender of Islam is not recognized beyond the narrow limits of his mountain fastnesses and his half-million followers, who, it is well to remember, were never conquered, not even by the Romans.

But Abd-el-Krim realizes that even in case he is defeated by the French, his fame in Africa will be magnified and he will remain the hero of his people. If the French pursue him into his own domain, moreover, — that is, into the Spanish zone, — it is probable that the Morocco question will be raised again as an international issue, and that he can make a good claim for the recognition of the Rif Republic. If, on the other hand, the French remain strictly on the defensive, he will have successfully asserted his title as champion of the Berbers, and can boast of having given the enemy a hard fight, while enriching his followers with no little booty.

French officers are the first to admit that Abd-el-Krim had a good chance of capturing Fez. The capital was almost defenseless. Had the Riffians not stopped to pillage and lost time hunting for booty before pushing ahead to their main objective, so that the French were able to bring up heavy reënforcements, they might have reached their goal. But it had already been decided to reënforce the French garrisons on the Riffian frontier. Troops, artillery, and airplanes had been assembled at strategic points. If Abd-el-Krim had cap-

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Giolitti daily), *May 20, 23, 26, 27*

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tured Fez a battle would have been fought near that city immediately afterward, and probably the doughty Moorish leader and most of his followers would have been captured. . . .

As I say, French Morocco shows no evidence whatever of intimidation or unsettlement. For instance, the annual Mohammedan pilgrimage to Ouezzan, near Fez, has occurred as usual, with an enormous influx of visitors from every part of Magzen. There has been no interruption of tourist traffic. No one expects Abd-el-Krim's men to get across the present fighting-line. . . .

Abd-el-Krim and his brother, who is his Chief-of-Staff and received his engineering degree at a Spanish technical school, are men who owe their fame largely to the European press. This has insisted on magnifying the Riffian leader into an Omar. According to the best information I have been able to obtain at the headquarters of the old Marshal — Lyautey is nearly eighty years old — the Rif leader is not equipped for anything resembling a modern campaign. His artillery, which probably was never more than eight pieces, has been reduced by the French fire. If he has been able to subsidize a few aviator desperadoes from Europe they have never taken the air, nor are they likely to do so against the French planes that fairly fill the skies.

II

A captain commanding one of the recently relieved outposts relates: —

'Yes, we were cut off for twenty-two days. At first the Berbers of the nearest village made common cause with us, and only under threats of terrible reprisals did they go over to Abd-el-Krim. But I could see that they fought without enthusiasm. They never gave their war cry, not even the characteristic "*Yu-yu!*" of the women, when a shell from the enemy's cannon dropped within our defenses. But Abd-el-Krim's savages were terrible. They tried to put my Senegalese in a panic by displaying the horribly mutilated corpses of our captured soldiers within sight of our fortifications. Wherever we looked we were forced to see these fearful spectacles. But the effect was the very opposite of what the Moors intended. The Senegalese, seeing what would happen to them if they surrendered, fought with the double desperation of despair.'

'And the Rif cannon?'

'There were three of them. At first they kept up an active bombardment, so that we had no rest. We had to be on the alert against an assault all night and to spend the day repairing the walls and trenches destroyed by the enemy's shells. Happily our aviators came to our rescue. They made it possible for us to hold out. Our airplanes circled over us all day long, and when they were in sight the enemy kept their guns concealed. As soon as I heard the noise of a plane approaching I told my Senegalese to go to sleep. They could do so safely.'

'Was the Moorish fire accurate?'

'Some projectiles struck inside the defenses and made breaches in the walls, — you know our forts consist of walled enclosures with the barracks in the centre, — but in general they wasted their shots. But the Riffians managed to put a mountain mortar in a blockhouse only a hundred yards from our walls. The gun crews were in telephone connection with an observer who reported the results of the fire in bad French. He probably was a deserter from our Foreign Legion. We could hear distinctly his instructions: "Right," "Left," "Elevate," "Depress." We expected a full hit any moment, but each shot went wilder than the one before until the Senegalese began to shout with laughter, crying

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"*Nalul*" which means about the same as "Go back to school!"

'We spent a good deal of time writing messages in gigantic script for the aviators. They would descend to fifty or sixty feet above the ground to read them. When we guyed the Moors' observer over the bad service of his guns he shouted: "Never fear, we 'll get every man of you!" Their shells did kill or wound the entire garrison. Every one of the sixteen survivors when we were relieved had been hit. We were obliged to repel several attacks with hand grenades. My brave Lieutenant, Charbonnel, was wounded the first day and later killed. They tell me I shall be in the hospital three months.'

III

I, too, make the classical pilgrimage of the Moors to-day to Mulaidris, the Alpine town 'where no one who is not a faithful Mussulman may live.' It is one of the most unique and picturesque places in the 'Fortunate Empire.'

Mulaidris is the 'burning heart' — and more than that — not only of Morocco but of all African Islam. This cluster of buildings that bears the name and guards the venerated tomb of Mohammed's grandson and Fatima's son, Idris, founder of the Idrissid dynasty and apostle of Islam to Berberia, is as holy a place to the great Berber race as is Mekka or Medina to the Arabs.

For that reason Mulaidris is constantly thronged with pilgrims who despise the easy and rapid means of communication that France has provided throughout North Africa, and make their way toilsomely hither on foot or on horseback. The town is perched on a steep hill in the midst of the Zarhon Mountains, eighteen miles north of Mekinez, and some forty miles from Fez. If Abd-el-Krim should break through the French lines, as he still declares is his intention, and march upon Fez, he would make the first stop of his triumphal progress at Mulaidris, and at the sepulchre of the Saint, under its pyramid canopy of green majolica, he would discover that he too was a direct descendant of the Apostle, and thereby magnify his prestige throughout all Moslem Africa.

Approached by the Fez-Mekinez highway, the City of the Prophet, nested halfway up the slopes of the Zarhon, forms a white spot on the mountain-side visible from a great distance. It suggests involuntarily the white-robed cohorts of the insurgent leader, poised in readiness to dash down from the mountains to the lowlands and join hands with the plainsmen whose home extends from their base to the Atlantic.

Across this plain, down the long valley extending from Knitra on the ocean to tawny Taza, armored automobiles piloted by squadrons of scouting planes speed ceaselessly. For here are the headquarters of the French. But the mountains are the hope of the invader. In the plains lie lazy cities, ever venal and cowardly; in the mountains dwell indomitable and rebellious tribesmen. That, in a word, is the alignment in Morocco.

But when you ask: 'How do eight million Moorish plainsmen feel toward the aggressive followers of the champion of Islam?' I must answer that Abd-el-Krim is unquestionably a Mohammedan, but he is above all a pupil of the great revolutionary school of Muscovy. There is more of the Bolshevist leader than of the warrior-saint in his make-up. He has for him, if not yet with him, the heart of the humble and the poor of this country, whose name is legion, and whom the imperialist protectorate of France has neglected in favor of the rich, the despots, and the tyrants. The emissaries of Abd-el-

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Krim, who filter freely through the French lines at every point, do not knock at the portals of the palace of the Sultan and Lord of the Atlantic Straits; at the doors or of the mansions of the chiefs of high and low degree who are France's hirelings, free to exploit the common people as they will. No, these messengers of revolt go among the humble. And therefore the people say that Abd-el-Krim is not only a God-given leader who will free the soil of Islam from the stranger's foot, but also he who has come to exterminate the tyrants who have sold their land to the unbeliever — all the tyrants, beginning with the Sultan himself.

That is why the native Moorish aristocracy fear the rebel leader as much as do the French. That is why they are loyal to their alien masters, because therein lies their sole salvation. In other words, Morocco is passing through a crisis closely parallel to that through which India passed six years ago. The Rif is like Afghanistan, whose armies invaded the Punjab and imperiled English rule not only in the Punjab but in all India. The English met defeat after defeat in their war against the Afghans, but they saved themselves through the loyalty of the Maharajah and by renouncing all claim to sovereignty over the territories of the Ameer. The French would like to do the same thing in the Rif and, if common report is true, Marshal Lyautey is now in favor of treating with Abd-el-Krim. He would not only recognize the independence of the Rif Republic, but would add to its territories along the Vergha at the expense of French Morocco.

The Zarhon district is truly 'the Smile of Morocco.' Entering it by the fine highway to Mulaidris, I find myself in a new country, a land embowered in verdure. Instead of the arid *bled* or endless desert, green valleys with shady orchards of olive and orange trees and undulating fields of wheat and barley extend in all directions. I pass the village of Sidi Ali, which contains the tomb of the founder of a ferocious sect whose members decapitated themselves with scimitars in their patron's honor. As we approach the heart of the Zarhon the landscape assumes a savage aspect; the mountains grow rugged and precipitous. Here lie oil fields producing two thousand barrels daily. But the English, not the French, control these fields; for when they consented to let France take Morocco, in 1912, they reserved for themselves their capitulation rights and a large share of the country's mineral wealth.

My first close view of the holy city was unexpected, and surprised me by its novelty. It is surrounded by high precipices topped by verdure, and towers aloft like an immense white pyramid formed of square blocks piled one upon the other. The blocks are roofless houses. Surmounting the pyramid is a tip of emerald green, the dome of the tomb of the grandson of Mohammed.

To-day one can motor almost to the entrance of the tomb. The highway, which has just been completed, is a marvel. It is so traced in intaglio upon the pyramid that one can look down from it upon tier after tier of cubical houses and narrow passages swarming with people who ought to be happy, for they are sure of going straight to Paradise — a privilege the Saint thoughtfully guaranteed to the residents of Mulaidris.

I found myself surrounded the moment I left my motor-car by the usual crowd of clamorous guides and beggars that haunt all the holy places in Morocco. I had been told that in view of the present unsettlement I should stop here only a few minutes, and that it would be prudent not to go too close to

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the tomb itself. But I soon discovered that my real difficulty would be to get away. Ten guides fairly tumbled over each other offering to accompany me to the tomb, which was only a couple of steps from my car. Entrance is *horm* — that is, forbidden — to Christians and Jews, but one can see from the narrow, covered street in front all that is worth seeing — pilgrims making their ablutions at a fountain in the centre of a marble-paved courtyard. Four or five little booths in the street outside sell ornamental colored candles that pilgrims buy to burn on the tomb of the apostle.

My Moorish cicerone wanted to take me to the Cadi, but the prospect of being invited to lunch and compelled to swallow *kuskussu* made me decline the high honor. I asked if infidels were still forbidden to reside in Mulaidris. The people of the town with whom I talked, and who spoke very fair French, assured me that with the Cadi's permission I might make the town my permanent home. It would merely be a question of learning to sleep on a mat, of never seeing an unveiled woman, and of dining each day on kuskussu. There would be one other inconvenience — the topography of the place, which does not permit a person to take ten steps in a horizontal direction. The streets of the town are a labyrinth of precipices, and even the little square in front of the tomb is tilted up at an alarming angle.

Upon the whole I carried away a very pleasant impression of Mulaidris. If Abd-el-Krim once gets there, all these good people, who spend three quarters of their time singing the praises of the Saint and the greatness of Allah, will prostrate themselves at his feet. And if after Abd-el-Krim a victorious French general should appear on the scene, these followers of the holy Idris would throw themselves likewise at his feet.

Upon leaving the town my car continued through the mountains along a road shaded by magnificent olive-trees to the neighboring ruins of the former Roman city of Volubilis. This proximity of the Moorish holy city and the Roman provincial capital suggests many romantic thoughts. But to my practical mind it proves that here is truly one of the prettiest bits of country in Morocco, and also one of the most fruitful. I stopped a moment to take a last look at Mulaidris. The sun was already stooping toward the west and late afternoon shadows were lengthening on the plains, where ripening wheat rippled in the breeze. The city was suffused with a golden glow and stood out against the azure sky with that fairylike witchery that most Moorish towns possess when seen from a sufficient distance. Deep peace brooded over nature. The only sounds were the songs of those bright-plumaged birds peculiar to Morocco that are called — I know not why — *volubilis*, and the lowing of herds wending their way from the river meadows in the valley bottom to their stables in the holy city. A reposeful, rustic, peaceful scene indeed, in striking contrast to the fighting only a few miles away.

What one sees at the ruins of Volubilis is in equal antithesis to the present. Only a few fragments of the ancient town remain, by no means comparable with many other ruins in Northern Africa. As everyone knows, Mauretania Tingitana was a province of third rank in the Roman Empire, and Volubilis was only a small provincial capital. Its art was parochial. A few mediocre statues have been dug up and three bronzes of a better order — a dog, a little ephebe, and a Mercury, together with a few mosaics. This has been made an excuse for erecting near the ruins a group of sumptuous villas surrounded by pleasant gardens, where the French

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archæologists reside who have charge of the excavations. If we Italians lodged our archæologists in Tripoli equally well, the whole public revenue of the province would not be sufficient to pay the cost. But Morocco is rich.

In return for the villas and the gardens that they occupy, the archæologists have restored the arches of the basilica, have arranged at the sides of the streets what few capitals, stones, and fragments of columns remain, and have covered the entire site with a forest of guideposts.

So Volubilis stands out conspicuously against the background of Mulaidris. To say the least, it reminds one of the industrious efficiency with which the Sultans of Meknes despoiled its ruins to get building-materials for their own edifices. Its Roman statues were burned for lime, and its finely dressed stone was recut to make Moorish arches. This vandalism is a standing grievance with the French archæologists. Even the restoration of the old Roman aqueduct that now brings an abundance of the purest water to their villas and gardens does not compensate for it.

Just at present they are rearranging the museum, which, in spite of the dog, the ephebe, the Mercury, and a graceful torso of Venus, makes a rather meagre showing. But excavating goes on hopefully. Whenever an interesting find is made somebody telephones to Marshal Lyautey, who hurries thither to admire the new discovery. That genial officer's visit invariably ends with his being cinematographed on the platform of the Temple of Caracalla, where he is wont to remark: 'It 's exasperating to think that a six-horse chariot once stood on this pedestal — an exceedingly rare thing. What do you suppose ever became of it?'

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CONVERSATION WITH A PASHA[1]

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

[THE author is the editor of the *Revue de Genève* and one of the best-known men of letters in Switzerland.]

MY interlocutor was a pasha of very high rank and distinction, a man between fifty and sixty years old, of alert intelligence, with black eyes, mobile but full features, a powerful voice, and at times a most commanding air. Occasionally he softened down and joked, but his sarcasm was more cutting than his anger. He was a former cabinet-minister, decorated with foreign orders, thoroughly familiar with Europe, and less interested in the domestic politics of his own country than in the general policies of the Mussulman world. Many important conferences are held at his residence, where delegates from all parts of the globe are wont to gather.

When I was introduced he said quizzically: 'What do you want to know? How can I tell you anything you don't know already? First of all, do you like our Turkish coffee?'

I answered that I liked not only Turkish coffee but many other admirable things that came from his country.

'You are very considerate, indeed, toward us poor Easterners. A cigarette?'

He offered me a case containing Dimitrinos, Gianaclis, and still other select brands, while I hastened to protest that I honestly meant what I said. I added that all intelligent Europeans cherished the same admiration that I did for the people of the East. But I could see that his face clouded slightly at my insistence. He continued in a bantering way, though there was now a touch of seriousness in his voice: 'I have rarely observed it. Probably I am ill informed.' Then he flashed out: 'The truth is, sir, that the Western Powers want to crush Islam. It is a mere matter of force, and they are the stronger.'

'Stronger? Come, now—say, rather, bled white by war, crushed by debt, hopelessly divided among themselves.'

'Divided, yes, except when it comes to us. As soon as a Mohammedan State seems to be securing some advantage they hasten to join hands against it. When Abd-el-Krim won important successes against the Spaniards, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs hastened to Paris to have an understanding with his French colleague, and both immediately got in touch with their colleague in Rome. These three powerful gentlemen were frightened because a few hundred poor Morocco Moors had asserted their right to some square miles of sand and rocks — sand and rocks that, unless I am much mistaken, really belong to them. The fact is, these three ministers are Christians, and that tells the whole story. Christianity has never forgiven Islam for the fright it gave her. She took her revenge in the nineteenth century — a revenge that is still continuing. Her first concern is not to relax her strangle hold on Islam. . . . Her method is very simple. Mussul-

[1] From the *Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *June*

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man countries must be terrorized. Look here! Not long ago two French gendarmes were killed in Syria. An unsuccessful search was made for the man who killed them. He escaped into the mountains. Now what would you have done, sir, if you were Chief of Police there? You would have seized the property of the criminal, would you not?'

'Yes, I think I should.'

'Not at all. You have n't got the real idea. The French authorities in control there had the whole village where the murderer had lived burned down, including the houses of people who had nothing whatever to do with the crime. More than that, they had all the flocks of his tribe slaughtered. Now that is the way Christians govern Mohammedans. The English do the same. A short time ago some villages in Irak refused to pay taxes. What did the British do? You will naturally say they resorted to the usual procedure of distraining upon the property of the delinquents. Am I not right?'

'Of course.'

'You are absolutely mistaken. They bombed the villages from airplanes. You can imagine the effect of their bombs on these ignorant natives. But don't go on and say that the English and the French are doing wrong. They 're right because they have power on their side. What can we oppose, even in the way of verbal protest, to the lightning that strikes us from the sky?'

'I cannot argue about these facts,' I said, 'because I know absolutely nothing about them. But if the Great Powers have a heavy hand, they bring you order and they endeavor — naturally in their own selfish interest — to make you prosperous.'

'They may impose external order, if you insist on that point, but at the cost of internal anarchy. Some months ago your authorities in Syria proposed that the people there elect a native governor. A fine token of confidence, was n't it? But at the same time they began to excite the Libyan Christians against the people at Beirut and vice versa. They whispered in the ears of one party: "What, you Christians accept a Mohammedan governor!" At the same time they whispered in the ears of the other party: "What, you Damascus Mohammedans, heirs of the Capital of the Caliphs, let a dog of a Christian order you about!" Believe me, the Europeans are tireless sowers of dissension among us. They strive to divide us in order to weaken us. Before the war Syria was a single province. To-day it is partitioned among seven countries — or, to employ the official term, seven Powers. Powers! And yet not one of them could stand alone!'

'Would you, my Pasha, go so far as to apply to the Mohammedans the term "slaves," which I heard yesterday in the mouth of one of your people?'

'Most emphatically, yes. We are slaves because we work for others. Our country is rich, in fact exceedingly rich, but we Egyptians as a nation are poor. All the wealth we produce goes into the pockets of foreigners. To be sure, our cotton crop brings in several million pounds sterling annually, but these are paid out at once for manufactures. No money accumulates in our hands.'

'Is n't that due to the play of economic laws?'

'I beg pardon. If we could buy our manufactures at home our money would stay at home. But foreigners keep us from erecting factories and works. They force us to remain their customers.'

'I am told that the Egyptian is not clever at manufacturing or in trade as it is conducted to-day. For example,

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there is said to be only one native bank in Egypt and it has a struggle to keep alive. It has not even been able to float its whole capital stock, because the Egyptian public distrusts its own people in money matters.'

'Quite true. Our professional education is not finished. But there again it is the foreigner who keeps us down. He sees to it that our schools educate only underlings. He takes care that they shall not train their pupils to be leaders. Still another example of our inferior status — we pay heavier taxes than foreigners, excessive taxes. And are not the consular courts another proof of the contempt in which we are held, a demonstration of our own feebleness? If any concept in the world is indivisible, it is the concept of justice. I cannot imagine such a thing as two kinds of justice, one for the Europeans and another for ourselves. One of these must be unjust. I demand a single code to apply to whosoever lives in Egypt — better the British law than two laws!

'The capitulations,' continued the Pasha, 'were imposed upon us when we became a Turkish province. Good. When France seized Tunis and Italy seized Tripoli — both of them, if I recall rightly, Ottoman provinces — they abolished the capitulations. Turkey has had the grit to suppress them in her own territory. So if we had fallen into the hands of Italy or France, we should not have the capitulations. If we had remained Turk we should not have them. But since we have become "independent" it has been deemed necessary to continue them. It looks like a joke — only the laugh is all on your side. To keep us frankly in subjection might be tolerable, at least logical, but to make us ridiculous is unendurable. An Arab proverb says: "An impaled man has the right to abuse the Sultan." You sultans of Europe make a clown of the man you impale.

'Why do you pretend not to see our feebleness, our dependence? That is what angers us. We prefer you to use the tone of command that fits the situation. When England granted us Egyptians our pretended independence, she added that certain questions were reserved to be settled later by mutual negotiation. Now we know perfectly well that England will never negotiate with us upon these questions — for example, that of the Suez Canal. Why lie about it? During the war the Allies made us fine promises in order to get our help. Why not keep them? Why all this torturous faking of kingdoms like Irak and Hejas? We are no fools. Why is France making the Moors and the Senegalese fight other Moors in Morocco? The spectacle of Mohammedans being egged on to kill their fellow believers revolts us. Why did Ramsay MacDonald, when he was in the Opposition, support the claims of the Egyptians, and then brutally reject them as soon as he got into office?'

'But Turkey,' I interposed, 'must be a satisfaction.'

'She is. She shows us that if we are resolute and united we can do something. Turkey tore up the Sèvres Treaty and threw the scraps in the teeth of the victors in the World War. That was a fine thing. Its influence has been very wide. But Turkey must count on the hostility of the Christian world at every turn. When she deported the Caliph no one in Europe objected. When, in carrying out the same methodical plan of secularizing her Government, she deported the Greek Patriarch, the whole world resounded with cries of protest. Turkey demands that the Patriarch shall be at least an Ottoman citizen. Europe declares that he must be a Greek

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citizen. Does France demand that the Pope be a Frenchman?

'Would Egypt like to follow Turkey's example?'

'How can she? She is practically disarmed. Remember, Egypt is a long, narrow valley strategically defenseless. She has always been an easy prey to conquest. An assailant by land, attacking her on the flank, can cut her in two wherever he wishes. If he attacks by sea he can enfilade her and drive back her peaceful and unwarlike inhabitants to the very end of their narrow corridor. No other country in the world is as defenseless from a military point of view as Egypt.'

'Still, are you not mistaken in assuming that an irreconcilable antipathy exists between the West and the East? Some of our Westerners are even seeking in the East for a new philosophy.'

The Pasha did not understand me. Speaking with an expression of profound sadness, as if he were talking to himself, he continued: 'It is the more cruel to abuse our weakness because that weakness is so obvious. We have no airplanes and no machine-guns, of course. But we are likewise morally weakened — the abolition of the Caliphate, the unprecedented difficulties this year that interfere with the pilgrimage to Mekka. We ourselves cannot get together. I had a meeting of representatives of Islam at my house the other day. I begged them to compromise, to agree among themselves. Impossible!'

He checked himself and seemed sorry that he had let these words escape him. Or perhaps he wanted to fool me. I resumed my own line of argument: 'If your complaints are just, why not address yourself to the public over the heads of our Governments? Your civilization was a very beautiful one. Court public sympathy.'

'You Westerners take too much interest in us already,' he said distrustfully.

'But let us get away from this question of economic and political exploitation. You have artists, philosophers, scholars —'

'We are not rich enough to support such a propaganda.'

'That is not the point. What I suggest is that you interest intellectual Europe in Islam. Intellectual Europe ardently espoused Greek independence. Possibly your independence will appeal equally to her heart.'

'Greece was Christian. That is why you liberated her. It was the first successful counter-attack after the Crusades, where you were invariably beaten. Ah, if we were Christians! But we are — we are — "natives"!'

'Think of the sway that Byron, that Victor Hugo held over public opinion in their day. Why not send us men who represent your grand traditions? Consider what Tagore has done for the cause of India — merely by coming among us and talking to us.'

The Pasha hesitated.

'Have n't you your great men in Islam?' I insisted. 'What is occurring in your cultivated circles, among your religious leaders, among your youth? Emissaries who came to us to tell us frankly about these things would arouse tremendous interest.'

'What are you asking?' he answered with an expression of irritation. 'Islam cannot plead her cause. They would gag us the moment we opened our mouths.'

'The persecution you describe ought to multiply your spiritual power. Religion always thrives under constraint.'

He turned the conversation. 'I condemn Mohammed Ali for destroying the prestige that was our protection. For centuries Europe lived in fear of the Turks. When she saw one of their

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vassals defy and defeat them, she realized that she could do the same. Had it not been for Mohammed Ali Europe would still tremble.'

Why did he pretend not to understand me? I seized the occasion to say frankly: 'Confess it, you detest Europe.'

'I? Detest Europe? But, my dear sir, I believe in her. I believe in her ideals, which are worthy of all praise. I believe in her grand principles. It is my most fervent hope that she will apply them to us. The Christian ideal, the principles of 1789, modern liberalism — what miracles they really are! At Paris and at London we were blamed for demanding the right to self-determination, and they cursed Wilson for putting that weapon in our hands. But is not this right, which only yesterday served so well the Greeks and the Italians, granted to-day to the people of Alsace, to the Poles, and to the Czechs? When it serves Europe's purpose she does not curse Wilson. Why should such rights be dangerous when we demand them, if they are so good for you?

'Come, now! Detest you? It is to Europe that we send our young men to get their education. They learn many things here. Paris is a world capital. In my opinion it is not your capital. But among all the beauties of Europe I would give logic the first rank. Logic — that is what we lack. Teach us this logic, whose conclusions are excellent, I assure you, even when they result in our favor.'

'Do you know, my Pasha, that there are people in Europe who believe that the West ought to go to school to the East, and that you are in certain respects superior to ourselves?'

'You are joking.'

'I am not.'

'Then in what respects are we your superiors?'

'Well, for example, these people say that we are suffering in Europe from too much haste. We are superficial and frivolous. We attach too great a value to material things, to mechanical progress.'

He looked at me incredulously, shook his head — his great, closely cropped, white-haired head — under his tarboosh, and then smiled with an air of dawning comprehension. Apparently he imagined that I was laying a trap for him — a very obvious trap unworthy of his cleverness. And during the pause that followed I suddenly said to myself that we were very stupid to sit here and heap unjust reproaches on each other. When a person gets out of Europe, when one sees her in perspective, how worthy of confidence and respect she still appears, even lacerated and sick unto death though she may be! And material things? Don't most Easterners want them as much as we? And the mechanical progress that they are not capable themselves of initiating they are only too happy to utilize when it is provided for them. If they are less hurried and worried than ourselves, is that due to their philosophy or to their climate? Were our sun to become as hot as theirs, should we not be as easy-going as they are? Let us not imagine that they prefer their decadence. If they could change with us they would do so in a moment. The grandeur of the East is retrospective. That is what enhaloes it in an atmosphere of magnificent regret and poignant poesy. If we are to compare the two, I should say that Europe adds to her past grandeur a modern grandeur. And, as if he divined my thoughts, the Pasha answered: —

'Regret is mingled with our complaints. Yes, regret for all that which we were. But hope likewise. I have often visited Spain to venerate there the memory of our ancestors. You know that they lived in that land for eight long centuries, that they built the

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most beautiful monuments in the whole Peninsula, that they lifted that country to the highest level of prosperity and civilization that it ever enjoyed. In our days Córdoba had a million inhabitants. To-day it has forty thousand. We imparted our virtues to that nation. We gave it our Arab pride and nobility.

'I have many young friends among our students here, who come to me for advice and consolation. The other day I proposed that we get up a pilgrimage to Spain, just like those the Christians make to our holy city of Jerusalem. They agreed with enthusiasm. We are going soon to visit Córdoba, Toledo, Granada. There will be about four hundred of us. But I said to them: "Don't forget to bring along large lachrymatories, to hold the tears you will shed."'

After meditating a moment he resumed: 'Do you know that there are families in Morocco that still keep with great care the keys of the houses that their ancestors occupied in Spain — against the day, you understand, when they will return and open the doors again.'

SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SARGENT [1]

BY HAMILTON MINCHIN

'JOHN SARGENT dead!' Such was the news that fell on my astonished ears as I listened to the wireless about 10 P.M. on Wednesday, April 15 last. I felt as his contemporaries must have felt when they heard that the great Achilles was dead: that never more would the son of Thetis, in shining armor, dazzle the eye, never again would that wonderful voice thunder in the trenches! I was in bed and the darkness around me was crowded with recollections of the great artist as I remember him, in his youth, in Paris nearly fifty years ago. These, though few in number and unimportant enough, are perhaps worth recording at a time when even trifles about a great man are welcome.

In Art, many are called and few chosen: most art students fail entirely and drift, unless independent, into other occupations; a few succeed moderately or commercially by pleasing the mob-taste of their time, but, when dead, are immediately forgotten; sometimes a great artist achieves fame and a relative success only in old age, like Delacroix and Corot; the rarest type is that of the man who passes through life quite unnoticed, — indeed, despised and rejected, but is acclaimed after death by tardy admirers as an epoch-making master, a Messiah of art! Cèzanne is an example of this, who, alive, was despised by Zola as a *ratè*, and introduced as Claude Lantier into *L'Œuvre* as the typical incompetent artist who ends by hanging himself before his always unfinished canvas. Far different was the lot of Sargent. Few artists in the history of the world can have had so brilliant a career. Success came to him early, and

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *June*

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never left him; his fame was universal, and long before the end he was recognized as the first of living painters. Even Death was a friend and took him suddenly, before his hand and eye had lost their cunning.

'Happy,' said Goethe, 'is the man who in his youth knows what art is.' This favorite son of Apollo not only knew what is beautiful, but could create it and did so with a prodigal profusion for over fifty years. If reincarnation be true, as seems by analogy probable, Sargent must have been an artist and a good one in many former lives, to flower in the astonishing way he did in the avatar which has just ended.

The present writer came to know him for a little over a year in the autumn of 1878. I do not remember why I joined Carolus Duran's atelier for pupils; probably because, thanks to the generosity of French artists, who nearly always give their advice to students without fee or reward, it was a cost-price education, the only expenses being the studio, the models, and materials. The studio was a big room with a top-light on the Boulevard Montparnasse, a little distance from the Hôtel des États-Unis, where Sargent slept at that time. This was the second studio I remember; the first, for a short time, was, I think, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, where Sargent had his own studio. In the same building worked Bouguereau, who, I was told, judged the young American as a clever youth who was on the wrong track — which, no doubt, was true from the academic and oleographic point of view! The studio had no furniture but about thirty easels and stools, a platform for the model, and a stove for the winter months.

Sargent, as a Salon exhibitor or artist *arrivé*, did not come regularly to the studio, but attended much more frequently in the summer months of '79 than in the previous winter. He had a great reputation already in the American colony, a *Tu Marcellus eris!* For in '78 he exhibited a 'Beach at Cancale,' which I saw in his studio, and in '79 a portrait of Carolus Duran looking, as some wag said, like a fashionable dentist. Duran's baptismal name was Charles Durand, but he early discovered that Carolus Duran is much more romantic, and always signed his paintings thus.

I first met Sargent in the master's own studio, which was open to the visits of his pupils on a Thursday morning, I think once a month. At my first visit I met a tall, burly, and genial young American with whom I soon got into conversation, and we went round the studio and discussed the pictures together. In the centre in a position of honor, handsomely framed, was a beautiful oil painting of a woman's head, a study for a ceiling Duran had recently painted. It was blonde and silvery, not at all like Duran's solider and heavier touch, and hotter coloring. I was delighted with it and said, 'This is the most beautiful thing I have seen here!' Sargent laughingly replied, 'I'm glad you like it, as I painted it!' This puzzled me, as the study was visibly signed 'Carolus Duran,' so I asked him to explain this. 'Oh,' he replied, 'Duran signed it as a compliment to me; he did add one or two touches, but it's practically my work.' It would be interesting to know where this study now is, and if the possessor knows who really painted it.

I remember that on a similar visit to the master's studio Sargent pointed out to me, among other visitors, a beautiful woman about thirty, in deep mourning, as the fiancée of Henri Regnault, the painter of 'Execution without Judgment' and 'Salome' in

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the Louvre. Although exempt from war service as a distinguished Salon medalist, when the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870 found him painting in Morocco, he at once rushed to the front and with a bullet in his brain, just outside the walls of Paris, is believed to have been the last man to perish in that war. I remember some artists saying what folly it was to throw away thus a life so valuable to his country, but I did not think so. His life was a greater gift to France than any picture he could have painted, and recalls some words of an Irish poet, Norah Hopper: 'The one false word of life is "Ichabod." The glory is not departed — the glory is gone before, and is hidden with God.'

Sargent's presence in the public studio was always agreeable because, besides seeing his wonderful eye and hand actually at work from the life, his prestige was such that, although only twenty-three, the class was much quieter and the concentration on the work greater, and, best of all from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, the oppressively sultry and Rabelaisian conversation became much cooler and decenter.

I believe that Sargent would have preferred to live and work in Paris, and that, in that more exacting atmosphere, he would have been a greater artist than he became with us; but he wished to avoid any rivalry with his master, who was the fashionable portrait-painter of the Latin races, both in Europe and America.

Allowing for the difference in age, he was four-and-a-half years my senior and, putting aside his genius for painting, much more an *homme du monde*. He was always very kind and friendly to me, and I was free to visit his studio when I liked after his working-hours. He was a great lover of music and had a piano in his studio, on which he played well as a diversion from his painting. The only thing, however, I remember after so many years was a love song, written and, I believe, composed by an early French King, in which the refrain was in droll contrast to the religious and dirgelike accompaniment. For a music-lover he had the curious idea that music is an art inferior to painting and sculpture; but to some of us music will always be in its emotional appeal the art of arts, at once the most inspired and the most human. Edmond de Goncourt in his Journal confesses that, rationalist as he was, religious music often carried him off his feet into regions of awe and wonder; but he was too French of the eighteenth century to have felt the same appeal in the frescoes of the Sistine. There was, besides many printings and a Japanese suit of armor, a large scrapbook full of drawings by him, in which I saw for the first time a pencil portrait of Goethe, who was later to be my 'master of those who know' and 'sea of wisdom.'

In 1879 he visited Spain. On his return I remember seeing in his studio some of the work he did there, and copies of Velasquez, of one of those in which one could count the brush-strokes: I said, 'I suppose you had n't time to finish it?' 'On the contrary,' he replied, 'it is to the best of my ability just what I saw in the original.' He had made a beautiful copy in oils of the famous 'Wax Head of a Girl' at Lille; one day I found him beginning a copy of it for some friend and he told me it was much harder to copy his own work than to copy nature. At that time, I remember, his particular admirations were Velasquez, Goya, Frans Hals, and Paul Baudry's decorations at the Opera. He was, like Delacroix, a great reader, and more intellectual than artists usually are; the only books, however, that I remember

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his praising were *Madame Bovary* and Fromentin's *Une Année dans le Sahel* and *Un Été dans le Sahara*, partly because, like Delacroix, he had been there himself; also *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, a masterly study of the Flemish and Dutch schools. He told me that one of his sisters had as much talent for art as himself, but that she would not do the work necessary to develop it. His generosity and hospitality were a proverb. I remember an American saying to me, 'If you are ever hard up and want a dinner, you have only to call on Sargent a little before the dinner time and he will infallibly invite you, if not engaged out.' Fortunately I never was hard up in this way. I did dine with him once, and still remember his delightful conversation. I recall his telling me that he wanted to paint a picture of the burning of Shelley's body on the seashore at Lerici. Now I had recently read in a newspaper that Gérôme was painting or about to paint this very subject; Sargent was annoyed to find his subject annexed by an older and more famous artist. If Gérôme did paint it, I have not since heard of it, or seen any reproduction. Sargent, with his beautiful sense of color and fine eye for landscape, would have done it much better.

One day I was looking at a sketch-book he had filled in Spain. With his usual generosity, and without the slightest hint on my part, or even idea, he invited me to choose the one I liked best as a little gift; so I chose one of a pretty girl, seated in a chair with a fan in her hand. Though relatively a trifle, I gave it later, with a splendid drawing by Augustus John which I picked up for a song in the Caledonian Market, to a public collection, where they are as secure from injury as they can be in this world. I remember seeing, knocking about in the first public studio, a life-size head of himself, which I do not doubt he would have given me had I offered to buy it, for, like Gainsborough, he was that rare thing, a born giver!

All Americans have a sense of humor, cultivated well on the surface, like a Frenchman's good manners; not so recondite as often with an Englishman or a Scot. I do not remember Sargent as amusing, though he was in no sense heavy or overserious, but I have recently read a story which does strike me as humorous. A lady thought the nose in her portrait too long and begged him to alter it: 'Oh,' he replied, 'a trifle like that you can alter yourself, when you get it home!'

Though success came to him early and never left him, he was never really popular, and, like his compatriot Whistler, was essentially a painter's painter and caviar to the public. Every artist of genius — that is, original — has to create the taste that is to appreciate him. I can give two illustrations of this. When the Chantrey Bequest bought his exquisite 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose' in 1886, I remember standing near the picture to enjoy the chorus of surprise and disgust with which the Academy visitors greeted this shocking abuse of a fund left to encourage genuine art! The second was at the Leighton sale at Christie's, when tiny old landscape sketches by the President sold for twenty to thirty pounds and more, and Sargent's beautiful sketch for his Boston 'Astarté' sold for £10! I mentioned this later to a friend who knew the dealer, who had intended to bid up to £200 for it, but the stupidity of the connoisseurs and public gave it him at *un prix dérisoire*.

Of Sargent's American contemporaries in Paris, I remember seeing the late Thayer, an exquisite painter quite unknown in England, paint from the life. Kenyon Cox, a fine draughtsman,

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who has written one or two books about art, I knew by sight, but not to speak to. Curtis, a fine colorist, Coolidge, Spenser, Hinckley, and E. J. Gregory were amateurs in the sense of being financially independent; the last-named, in his initials, was identical with our E. J. Gregory, R.A., for whose work in the *Graphic* in the seventies Sargent had a great admiration. I forget if Gregory's 'Dawn,' which he purchased later, was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, but I believe it was. Gregory told me that he received scores of letters from American friends who thought the *Graphic* drawings were his work. I only remember two noted Englishmen in Paris. La Thangue, R.A., I met once in the École des Beaux Arts, drawing from the antique to enter the School, I believe. I told him a story about some recent distinguished Academy student and he modestly admitted that he was the man I was talking about.

I remember one of the wealthy Americans showing me a photo of a charming little girl whose name was Beatrice Cenci (an unlucky name, surely!), his niece, the mother being the Princess Cenci. This little girl may be a grandmother now!

The great Condé once made a bet — and won it — that he would correctly guess the profession or trade of about ninety per cent of a hundred men who should cross the Pont-Neuf in a given time. I believe that Sargent would have been one of his failures. Great artists have often been very handsome and distinguished-looking men. Millais, indeed, had a theory that an artist should be a handsome man and that the physical beauty would find a correspondence in his work. Millais himself as a young man, Holman Hunt tells us, looked like an angel; but with prosperity he got a John Bull farmer look as in Frank Holl's portrait, of which he complained that it did not do justice to the poet that he fancied still lingered in him. Sargent looked like a stockbroker; Scawen Blunt, in his Diary, says he looked like a prosperous mechanic. I think this helps to explain the lack of beauty in many of his portraits. Velasquez and Van Dyck were very distinguished-looking men, and we do not find one ill-bred looking person anywhere in their work, or in Titian's, apart from that ruffian blackmailer, Aretino; not even in Velasquez's series of Court dwarfs, where El Primo has the dignity of a Spanish duke. Whereas, when we come to Goya the *parvenu*, it is impossible to imagine anything more *canaille* than his royal family and many of the Spanish aristocracy, so inferior to our own at that time, if his portraits are to be trusted. The difference, we believe, did not lie in the sitters but in the artists. Art has been described as *homo additus naturæ* — man added to nature. An artist can put into painting only what he has in himself. Someone asked Dickens if there was fun down at Broadstairs: 'Yes,' he replied, 'if you take it down with you.'

Sargent's father was a doctor. Heredity, in this case, is interesting and suggestive. The father was familiar with the outward signs of physical disease, and in the son this became an uncanny faculty for diagnosing the diseases of the soul. Leighton, again, was the son and grandson of two Court physicians to the Tsar, and this works out in the polished and lifeless monotony of the President's essentially academic art. Sargent was the greatest painter and in some ways the greatest artist of his time, but it is not given to a mortal to unite every virtue — *On a les défauts de ses qualités*. He lacked imagination; to realize this, one has only to look at his public decorations in America. The six He-

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brew prophets at Boston are ludicrously inadequate, just paid models posing in blankets; a far cry from the awe-inspiring, God-inspired Supermen of the Sistine Chapel; and his war picture for the Widener Memorial Library is what the French call *pompier*, a thing depressing to contemplate. I prefer even his more ill-natured portraits, for they, at least, are alive and are admirable illustrations of the Seven Deadly Sins as embodied in the polite society of our time!

A critic, with much wit and insight, once suggested that the one thing lacking to the Wallace Gallery is a guillotine as the crowning symbol of the ultimate toward which the aristocratic art of the French eighteenth century was culminating, from the charming but artificial Watteau to the sentimental corruption of Greuze and the frank lasciviousness of Boucher and Fragonard. I was once looking at the miniatures in a famous gallery, and I had a strong intuition that the men who collected this corrupt art must have bought other pictures of a quite unexhibitable nature, and I found later that it was so. Now there never was anything unclean in Sargent's art, but I do believe that the competitive, egotistical, acquisitive, and luxurious society which he painted was essentially decadent and averted from the Divine, eating, drinking, and making merry like the people before the Flood, and, like them, on the verge of the cataclysm predicted by Ruskin, William Morris, Ibsen, Tolstoi, and many other prophets, which promises, unless God intervenes and the madness of Nebuchadnezzar is healed, to destroy our entire European civilization. 'Heaven,' said an English mystic, 'is first a temper and then a place.' 'When men are more spiritually evolved,' said Coleridge, with the fine intuition of a poet, 'they will know that the Sermon on the Mount is the expression of scientific truths.' This society seems to have got on his nerves and to have made Sargent a recluse. 'He was,' says Sir William Orpen, 'shy and extremely nervous. His conversation was jerky, and his actions were more jerky still.' This shows a physical degeneration; he was very unlike that when I knew him!

To be pestered by bores and autograph-hunters must be unpleasant to a man to whom art was a sacred trust and his time extremely valuable; but we do not think his way with the autograph-hunter was a graceful one. Longfellow devoted much time to writing autographs and we know a famous poet who is equally amiable. We are told, for we have not seen it, that he sent out to such applicants a curious stamped '*Damn!*' in spluttered ink facsimile. The same spirit is shown in a story told by W. S. Blunt in his Diary that Sargent had a screen in his studio, behind which he would retire occasionally when bored by sitters and relieve his feelings by putting out his tongue at them! One cannot imagine Titian or Van Dyck or Velasquez acting thus.

Since his death I have seen a flood of journalistic flattery, some denying that his portraits were often cruel. This is absurd. Except Goya, whom he greatly admired, there never was, as Mr. D. S. MacColl pointed out long ago, an eminent artist with such east-wind aspects, such a prosecuting attorney's eye! Again, the centenarian Garcia, brother of the great Malibran who perished in her prime, cut off by a tragical accident; a man who had seen three generations of men answer the riddle of the Sphinx and pass into the great Silence — and all Sargent saw was a tired, bored old man in a hard cold light, entirely lacking in the

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dignity, mystery, and pathos that Rembrandt always saw in venerable eld. The portrait of the late Earl of Wemyss, who was in Ruskin's opinion the finest specimen of the Caucasian he had ever seen, was much finer; but it was age defied, not accepted with resignation — Ajax as an old man again defying the lightning! I have seen a reproduction of a water color by him, of crocodiles sleeping on a bank, delightful creatures in their way, and more sympathetic than many of his portraits. His genius had something martial, arrogant, and Prussian about it. Tenderness is exceedingly rare; it is present, however, in the beautiful portrait of Alfred Wertheimer, the scientist who died young. His relation to Wertheimer *père* is one of those mysteries of heredity, like Shelley and his father, which surprise us at times. Again, compare Whistler, so sensitive, elusive, and tender in his art, as a man so blatant and cruel, so eager for *réclame*, with Sargent, in every way the reverse, a shy, sensitive recluse abhorring publicity, in his painting, 'Achilles Shouting in the Trenches.'

Sargent had many points of resemblance to Gainsborough: his love of music, so great that early in 1885 he thought of giving up painting for music; his extraordinary generosity — I doubt if any artist of his time gave away so much; his versatility — he could paint anything; and his amazing virtuosity. I think, however, that the Englishman had a far greater sense of human beauty and of human sympathy; his women and children, for a certain magical intensity of feeling, are sometimes unsurpassed, I might say unrivaled, in the whole history of art. Such was the lovely oval bust-portrait of Lady Mulgrave, which was bought by the famous Paris collector, M. Groult, for 10,000 guineas at Christie's, — a Mozart in painting, — which, I hope, will adorn the Louvre some day. And, at the Old Masters, I remember a similarly magnificent oval portrait of a Miss Clarges, of which the critic of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* — Philippe Burty, I believe — said it was a Northern Joconde, a masterpiece, to see which was alone worth the journey from Paris! Sargent hardly ever painted a child, and evidently did not love children. In his work there is nothing to match the adorable portraits of children, of mothers and children, which are the peculiar glory of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and of Lawrence in the Calmady children.

The final impression is that Sargent, though the greatest painter of his time, was a portrait-painter of an uncertain quality. If his portrait of Joachim be compared with that by G. F. Watts, the latter seems to me incomparably finer. Sargent was often as mannered as El Greco in his excessive elongation of the limbs and of the hands and feet. Even as a painter of men, I think that Gainsborough's noble full-length of Dr. Schomberg in the National Gallery is nearer to Velasquez than anything the American ever did. Sargent, as a portrait-painter, was not in the same class as Titian, Holbein, Velasquez, Rembrandt, or Van Dyck; but a little below, with Frans Hals, Goya, and Reynolds. Frans Hals, it is true, is a magician of virtuosity, but he could not paint a child, a living, breathing miracle on canvas as Velasquez did, and Van Dyck in his portrait of the Royal Children at Windsor. I incline to think that his landscapes and interiors, like the wonderful picture in the Diploma Gallery and the 'Courtyard in Grenada,' which has recently gone to Melbourne, are the most perfect things that he painted.

We learn from Aristotle, or some other ancient writer, that among the

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beauty-loving and idealizing Greeks there was an artist who went in for realism, or nature in her ordinary and ugly moods, but the Greeks did not think much of him. He should have lived in our day, when Bolshevist principles have invaded art, and ugliness is all the fashion. Sargent's sympathies seem to have been more pantheistic than human; in this he is at one with Japanese art. Man, the ideal man made in the image of God, — 'the true Shekinah is Man,' said Saint Augustine, — was not to him, as to the Greeks and Michelangelo, Creation's centre and flower. Nature charmed him by her beauty and indifference. As Schopenhauer wittily said, 'The peculiar charm of Nature is that she has no opinion of us.'

The warm-hearted Gainsborough, when dying, sent for Reynolds, who had not treated him generously, to be reconciled, and spoke the immortal words, 'We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company!' Sargent has now joined his spiritual kin in the Elysian fields — Velasquez and Goya, Frans Hals and Tiepolo. Death was kinder to him than to our English painter, for it took him by surprise, the true euthanasia — that desired by Mrs. Barbauld in the beautiful lines which so great a poet as Wordsworth envied her: —

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good morning.'

IS CHINA ANTIFOREIGN?[1]

BY A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT

TEN months ago when I returned to China after eleven years' absence, nothing surprised me more than to hear most of the Westerners whom I met in Shanghai talking about China's hatred of foreigners. Many went so far as to predict that within a few years the whole foreign colony would be set on board the vessels in the harbor and sent home, as the Germans were in 1919. As I write these words, groups of students are standing on the street corners listening to speakers who are addressing them from tables, carts, and other improvised rostrums. And to listen to the speeches one might imagine that these prophets were right.

Very probably China is now passing through a great epoch in her history; but, like all great epochs, it is not a pleasant thing to witness, and its larger aspects are often obscured by petty and ridiculous episodes. When an Occidental resident of Shanghai, particularly one of the older generation, mentions hatred of foreigners, the memory of the Boxer outbreak always lurks somewhere in the background of his mind, like a mediæval, incomprehensible spook. Now what we call carelessly and superficially hatred of foreigners does go back to the Boxer disturbances, but a very important quarter of a century has elapsed since then, and that makes a difference.

The Boxer outbreak was a futile

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *June* 21

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attempt of Old China to liberate herself from the same tutelage of foreigners from which Young China wishes to free herself to-day. It was a futile attempt because a mob cannot oppose modern armies with amulets, battle-axes, and war clubs, and because no country can now gain its freedom without winning the sympathy of the world beforehand. The measures of the Boxers, their mediæval weapons and wholesale massacres, were not designed to secure China this world-wide sympathy. But it was Old China, and not the cultivated and admirable element of Old China either, that resorted to these futile measures. To-day it is modern China, the China of students and of men of Occidental culture, that is fighting for liberty, and the sympathy of a part of the world is on her side. That alone changes the whole character of the struggle and makes it safe to predict that it will never assume quite the same aspects as the Boxer outbreak, although incidents may occur in the interior to recall those earlier atrocities.

Every propaganda overshoots its mark, and it is easy enough to show that the Young China agitators exhibit lamentable ignorance of both history and politics as well as tactlessness and rashness. They appeal to arguments that to-day have lost much of their pertinence. They harangue against an imminent partition of China, the annexation of Chinese territory by the Powers, and other dangers that were actual enough twenty-five years ago but no longer exist. Possibly we should make a single exception: the designs of Russian Soviet imperialism, which are the only present threat to China's integrity and independence. But the agitators never mention that particular danger.

No other Power seriously contemplates annexing Chinese territory. Even the harebrained members of the Black Dragon Society in Japan, are not so foolish as to suppose it either practicable or desirable for their country to make conquests on Chinese soil. All nations except Russia are unanimous in desiring for China just what every Chinese patriot desires: that the country create an orderly system of government and take her place in the ranks of modern nations, so that her natural resources, her industry, and her trade may be of general service to the world. Of course, this is not a question of sentiment; it simply expresses an enlightened recognition of the truth that civilization and culture must be universal and that as long as any part of the world lacks their blessings the whole world's welfare is impaired.

Until the recent development in Russian policy the last instance where a Great Power adopted unfair measures toward China was in 1915, when Japan presented her infamous Twenty-one Demands; and Tokyo has rued this unfortunate step ever since. The pressure that the Powers brought to bear upon China to make her enter the conflict against the Central Powers was also unfair, but it was a war measure and for that reason out of the ordinary. Since then China really has no grievance against other nations. Whenever she has had a Central Government they have supported it. Whenever that Government has ceased to function, they have pursued a disinterested policy. They have even gone so far as to prohibit the shipping of arms to China. In order to avoid the reproach of favoring any particular party, their leading banks have agreed to make no loans in China except for economic development, pending the restoration of a government whose authority is recognized by the whole country. They have granted China a moratorium for a larger part of her debts, and have set aside important sums from the Boxer indemnity

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for cultural objects. Indeed, most of the institutions that have educated the present agitators against foreign imperialism would not exist to-day without these subsidies.

But the Chinese forget all this, and concentrate their attention upon what they call the imperialist dangers threatening them from abroad: the exterritoriality of foreigners; foreign settlements; foreign control of the customs, post office, and salt-tax administration; some aspects of foreign investment in China, and foreign missions and educational institutions. This is an extraordinary aggregation of grievances which will repay examination.

We Germans can judge some of these complaints quite disinterestedly, for since the war we have neither consular courts nor settlements in China. But fairness bids us say that the consular courts and the settlements were originally established at the instance of the Chinese themselves. The Peking Government demanded, in return for opening its doors to foreign trade, that foreign governments should assume responsibility for the conduct of their subjects within her borders, and that the right of these strangers to reside and do business there should be limited to definite and easily supervised areas. Both these arrangements agree perfectly with the old Asiatic conception of national jurisdiction, and the consular courts and the settlements were originally considered by the Chinese restrictions and disabilities upon foreigners, rather than privileges granted to them. They have become privileges, to be sure, in the course of time. The settlements have grown wealthy and powerful through the industry, integrity, and coöperation of their European, American, and Japanese residents.

Nevertheless, we must admit that both consular courts and foreign settlements are an anachronism in a modern, well-ordered State, and cannot continue forever. But even the wildest Young China agitator would not venture to claim that China is as yet a modern, well-ordered State. The argument of the Chinese patriots is this: the consular courts lower the authority of native courts in the eyes of the people, and the settlements perpetuate the present lawlessness. And it is true that every self-seeking adventurer who has gambled and lost, whether he be a politician, a military man, a speculator, or an ordinary criminal, hastens to take refuge in the settlements. So the latter argument has some weight and appeals even to many Europeans and Americans. But it should not be overemphasized. We must not forget the unquestioned fact that the consular courts and the settlements have never been flagrantly misused by foreigners to China's disadvantage, and that if it had not been for the settlements China's foreign trade would not have continued to prosper as remarkably as it has during the recent confusion and anarchy.

China's resentment at the foreign control exercised over the administration of the customs, the post office, and the salt-tax is easy enough to understand on sentimental grounds. But as long as China is a debtor nation whose revenues from these sources are pledged for the payment of her debts, and as long as she has given no evidence that she is able to collect these revenues honestly, the present arrangement is from a business point of view imperative.

The attacks upon foreign investment are equally far from the point. Foreign capital has helped develop the natural resources of the country. To exclude that capital as a matter of principle would not only condemn China to inferior rank among the nations of the world, but would set back her economic

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development by decades. No rational Chinaman can help welcoming foreign capital and facilitating its investment in every way compatible with his country's sovereign rights. Doubtless foreigners have in some cases taken advantage of the inexperience and the corruptibility of China's officials to exploit the country unfairly. But there are reasonable remedies for such abuses.

We come now to the attacks upon foreign schools and missions. These are based upon a sheer appeal to prejudice and lack all substantial justification. The old-fashioned missionary who came to convert 'the blind heathen' has practically died out. His successor, no matter what his faith and nationality, is to-day first and foremost a social worker: a physician, a teacher, a sanitarian, a laborer in the field of charity. The magnificent institutions that Christian missionaries have established in China are the best possible justification for the missions. Almost without exception they are open to anybody who will accept their services. They make no distinction between Christians and non-Christians. Indeed, the people as a whole recognize the good work that they are doing. Should a serious antichristian movement start,— and there are signs that it may be impending,— the missionaries will find many defenders even among the non-Christian population.

Therefore the arguments of the anti-foreign agitators will not stand analysis. But that does not lessen the fact that the agitation exists and is an inevitable passing phase of China's awakening national consciousness. The movement is still sporadic and unorganized. It appeals to one argument in this place and another argument in another place. Many of the so-called reformers would indignantly deny that they are hostile on principle to foreigners. But no matter what the principal grievance in the mind of the individual reformer may be, whether it be economic, political, or sentimental, it is at the bottom associated with hatred for strangers, and the danger is very great that the present unrest may crystallize into a definite and united antiforeign campaign. If so, how shall it be combated?

To answer this question we must first have clearly in our minds the circle from which the agitation emanates. This consists essentially of students, who are both the agitators and the agitated. They have a certain temporary following among a half-educated stratum of more or less unrooted industrial operatives, who form a primitive and inchoate proletariat. The stratum is very thin, but it lies like oil on the surface of the great Chinese nation and obscures what is happening beneath.

Still the oil is not the water. The water can communicate its motion, even if somewhat checked, to the oil. But the oil cannot communicate its motion to the water. The hope that China will extricate herself from her new difficulties lies in the common people; and the common people are no more hostile to strangers than the average Englishman is— indeed, they would not go so far as the dock laborer in *Punch's* cartoon who shouts: 'There's a foreigner. Heave a brick at him!'

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A DAY WITH 'THE GOLDEN TREASURY'[1]

BY L. A. MORRISON

I THINK a day with *The Golden Treasury* is a day when labor is apt to wear an honest face, and the rewards are in the round and auriferous. Often I push aside in a fit of more or less honest petulance my Theories of this and Psychologies of that, and sundry other Studies and Monographs, and slip a cheap edition of Palgrave into the sagging pocket of my old golfing-jacket, — I am a duffer at golf, but the loose habiliments of the game suit my taste, — and go out on to the uplands, and it may be climb the sunward slopes of Tinto to its mist-engulfed 'Tap.' Go out, if you please, like Thoreau, determined to make a day of it. There, on the verdurous flanks of Tinto if anywhere, is the place to browse on the Heliconian pastures, in company with and after the fashion of the nibbling tups and ewes. After all, their methodical cropping and munching of the succulent blades of green grass is very regulative to observe; one cannot help ruminating — Gabriel Oak like — after their kind; and the taste of some of the pastoral lyrics in Palgrave seems to borrow the flavor of the herbal juice which the sheep find so satisfying.

But my chief reason for the companionship of the *Treasury* is other: that — as Wordsworth perceived — 'the common, unaided senses of man are not equal to the realization of the world.' I must borrow — unless I am one of them — the spectacles of the poets. They gather together the stray gleams of my vision, circumscribe and concentrate the powers of my affection. They take the tossing hazels, flaming gorse, hyacinth patches, sombre pines, dappled sky, and, 'with brede ethereal wove,' compose them into a picture that is literal and yet a figure, luminous with a significance I should otherwise have missed. They reveal what shapes they are which haunt thought's wildernesses, shapes of tragedy, irony, umbered or scimitar-edged beauty. As I let my eye wander about me, from the bright watersmeet of tributary streams to Symington's russet woods in autumn glory, where

> with chiming Tweed
> The lintwhites sing in chorus,

and then glance between the covers of my little green book, it is a case of 'beauty making beautiful old rhyme,' and who shall deny that something fragmentary but imperishable remains with me — if only until dusk — between

> The beauty coming and the beauty gone?

Even the cacophony in the thickets toward Thankerton is a reminder of the time when England was a nest of singing birds; and when 'a sudden song from some rare throat' pierces the thick skin of my consciousness and sets me subcutaneously tingling I turn to relieve my feelings to the sonneteer who sang so sweetly and similarly from a bough by Avon. And what to Shakespeare and Shelley may only have been imaginative experience becomes for me, as they distill it after long keeping in the wood, a spiritual experience.

'When we bethink us,' says a very fine writer, 'that our hearts beat and

[1] From *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *June*

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our blood flows through a virtue which blossoms in the flowers, which for the birds is wings and happiness, and which night and day unfurls a new flower over our heads, then we have passed from the transitory to the permanent.' It is not difficult, for example, to hear 'the horns of Elfland faintly blowing' as your heart swells with the music of the 'Ode to the West Wind,' while the elemental Æolus stirs among the birks about you,

> And each tall tapering crest is stirred,
> And the eternal whisper heard.

Or so I imagine. For it is not at all difficult to imagine, however handicapped you are in sensibility, when you have a volume of poetic imagery beside you clearly and beautifully embodying the ideas born in you of communication with nature, ideas unresting until given substance and form in the felicity of exact poetic expression. But there is more in the *Treasury's* companionship than that; though indeed it is a great deal. Hear Emerson: 'There is some *awe* mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, *that which I also had well-nigh thought and said . . .*'

This is where the *Treasury* comes in, a complementary channel to that by which nature's delight flows to us.

> Sweet Robin sits on the bush
> Singing so rarely.

But the expression of the rarity of the song of so commonplace a bird — if any bird can be called commonplace — would have escaped us but for a Scott to articulate it. So, but for Keats, the 'high requiem' of the nightingale when dusk, with its opiate wand, has touched us to fitting mood. So, at high noon, the 'bee-loud glade,' had not both Keats and Mr. Yeats moved us to accept its 'magic murmuring.' Sound, in truth, is a secret of the poets — the onomatopoetic communication of what hardly can be captured, let alone communicated. 'Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo.'

It comes to this, then. 'The economy of Heaven is dark,' as Charles Lamb cryptically muttered; the opening of a flower may irradiate it; but only with the aid of the spectacles of the poets can we see in the sudden illumination, and comprehend a revealed cosmos in which

> The swans on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow.

Only with the assistance of their hypersensitive imagination can we envisage the universe as it ideally is, as it blooms again in the poet's mind.

Then, with the panorama of nature unfolding about you and its ideal interpretation in your mind, esoteric problems seem to resolve themselves. In the face of nature, it does not seem to matter very much whether its beauty exists apart from our consciousness or only exists because of it and in it and as it; whether the attributes we distinguish in the objects we perceive are absolutely possessed by these objects, or whether, as Kant says, they are merely phenomena explicable from the nature of the mind itself. Objects would be objectless — or object-lessonless — as far as our spiritual natures were concerned, if we were able somehow to separate them from the emotions they arouse and intelligence they convey as our senses come into contact with them. We may not dissever morality from beauty. 'Art for art's sake' was never a more barren formula, if we divest it of what some sleight-of-word experts have introduced into it, than when confronted, say, with the 'God's-eye view' from some intermediary standpoint like Tinto. We cannot, without paying dearly for our self-

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suppression, check our inner responses to the external life about us. After all, if God created nature, man in whom His Spirit dwells must recreate it in his own image. When he has done so, according to his conscience, he finds that 'the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind.' It *is*, you see, in his own image. How could it be otherwise, when the human mind is a microcosm of the divine? When 'the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens' is only the boundary between the visible dial-plate and the invisible workings?

Surely it is extraordinarily satisfying to the mind of man in his contemplative hours to know that, as Emerson puts it, 'day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, preëxist in necessary ideas in the mind of God.' And that he — man — may, by his mind, penetrate to the essential core of these things, extract their ideas, and give them the symbolic expression for his own understanding of them. Surely his mind is in this way the link between the invisible God, on the one hand, and visible nature on the other, by which the insoluble riddle of existence is solved, the meanings of the one interpreted in the language of the other, on which plane the two opposites meet and are seen as symmetrical about the pole of his being. The natural antagonism which Mr. Santayana's logic posits in his warning to those who 'shatter nature to discover God' is based on a false premise and does not exist, any more than the supposed antagonism between life and art, morality and beauty, patriotism and Christianity.

But it may be we are passing, now, beyond the bounds of our subject. It is a far cry from Palgrave to Santayana, though the leap through the void, when taken, leads to fascinating adventures in the realm of thought — which, be it said, is the golden purpose of a day with the *Treasury*. No other. But there is this to be underlined: If we examine the language we employ — our stock of similes and metaphors and idioms, old coinages and those newly struck — and believe, as we cannot help believing after a dispassionate inspection, in the 'radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts,' we must agree with Emerson, I fancy, that nature *is* the mind in metaphor. Nature inspires the poet, and the poet animates nature with his inspired expression of it. He has seen nature as symbolic, and the result is poetic symbolism. And I think it happens thus. As he gazes deeply on the face of nature with his 'seeing eyes,' material appearances seem to evanesce, fade, and dissolve themselves into their natural background, and their spiritual outlines to emerge, exquisitely defined where the light of the inner vision falls on them. His plastic mind consequently becomes engraven, as with letters on soft bark, with these symbolic lines and curves — these images. I think this was the origin of the theory of symbolism. Anyhow, all truly great poetry is symbolic, and its symbolism is taken from nature, whose symbols were the first emanations of Divinity. 'Who looks,' asks Emerson, 'upon a river in meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things?'

It is a pertinent question. And it is only one of the numberless questions aroused by a day in the country with *The Golden Treasury*. The mind is a lively fold indeed by the time we turn homeward, its beautiful flocks excitedly crowding each other and clamoring for outlet; which, God willing and scrivener's palsy abating, they shall have. But happen that as it may, the proximity of *The Golden Treasury* is a very present help when silence 'sits drooping.'

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF RAILWAY[1]

ENGLAND'S TRANSPORTATION CENTENNIAL

[ENGLAND has just observed the centenary of her first railway — and the first railway in the world — at Darlington. We combine two accounts of this event in the following article.]

ALONG the original route of the first passenger railway in the world there passed this morning the most extraordinary procession of locomotives the world has ever seen. The culminating point in the celebrations of the centenary of railways, it was the most perfect epitome of the development of the 'iron horse' from its tiny beginnings on that very spot to its present-day position of universal importance. And, by the inclusion of a few vehicles whose motive power owed nothing to steam, it seemed to give a hint that the last word has yet to be written of the romantic story that began just one hundred years ago.

All the morning special trains had brought their hundreds of guests from Newcastle, York, Hull, and the surrounding countryside to the meadows between Stockton and Darlington, through which George Stephenson's 'Locomotion No. 1' landed the first passenger train on September 27, 1825. The Duke of York, who yesterday opened the exhibition of railway curiosities at Darlington, came with the Duchess of York, and at the grand stand which had been erected at the side of the track there were present to greet him a distinguished company, which in quite a number of its members provided direct links through the century with the courageous 'father of the railways' who gave Stephenson's genius its chance — Edward Pease, the Quaker.

All the stages of the pageant of engines were headed by the original craft, for the most part under their own steam. They were active centenarians, though one famous hulk, it may be suspected, was secretly propelled by the hidden energy of that chief enemy of steam propulsion, an internal-combustion engine.

Puffing black smoke from its tall 'potato can' funnel, Locomotion No. 1, followed by a replica of the train it first drew, came at the rear of the procession. It was the titbit of the day, and in all its details it most successfully brought home to the spectators a vivid idea of the picture it originally presented. A dozen yards ahead rode a top-hatted man on a white horse waving the red flag of danger; engineers wearing light-blue silk hats and tail coats of green and purple stood behind weird gyrations of the perpendicular piston-rods; and in the 'chaldron' wagons — looking like nothing so much as old-fashioned coal-trucks — charming ladies and gallant men in all the glory of Regency costumes seemed to bring our great-grandparents to life again.

In the rear wagon, which bore the old iron brazier as a tail light, rode the band, resplendent in beaver hats, white trousers, and many-colored coats. As the train drew up before the grand

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *June* 28, and the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *July* 3

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stand they played 'The Dance of the Quaker Maid,' but they had not got far with 'D'ye ken John Peel?' before it became 'The Broken Melody.' With a jerk and a rattle Locomotion No. 1 got into its stride again, and all the passengers found themselves in heaps. Of the band only the drummer 'kept his end up.' Cornets, basses, and trombones had to recover their hats before they could resume business, but this they speedily did amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd, who were soon following their lead in 'Auld Lang Syne.' Remembering the smooth comfort of the Flying Scotsman, which had glided past just before, I felt glad that I had not to travel a hundred years ago.

At the head of the procession puffed the pre-railway Hetton Colliery locomotive, which was built in 1822, its engineers — with those of the old Derwent, built in 1845 — being in the tall hats of the period. Then came the first note of modernity — a goods engine of 1867. As that six-mile procession slowly passed, one gathered the impression that the big stride in the general design of the locomotive came in the first thirty years of its existence. Excepting in the matter of bulk and power there is no appreciable difference in the appearance of the engines that were built in the early fifties and those of to-day; the characteristic quaintness of Locomotion No. 1 soon disappeared.

There were fifty-three items in the parade, in which were represented all the great railways of the country, and perhaps it was not unreasonable that most of the engines should have worn the rich green coat of the London and North-Eastern Railway, that mighty successor to the little Stockton and Darlington. Comparison was possible between the carriages of the fifties and those of to-day, and the progress made in coping with our mineral traffic was illustrated by the huge forty-ton mineral wagons used by the London and North-Eastern and the weird Garratt locomotive 082, which is the heaviest and most powerful in the world. We saw the engine with the largest driving-wheel, eight feet, six inches high, and built in 1847; a petrol bus and a petrol autocar that ran on the London and North-Eastern Railway; and the latest types of electric passenger-engines that are only waiting for the line from Newcastle to York to be electrified.

But one saw the whole romantic story in its true perspective when the tableaux train showed in six episodes the evolution of the wheel in transport. This was exceedingly well done. Astrologers and modern engineers were disclosed in the first tableau seated on either side of a symbolic wheel; in the second we could see hairy, primitive men fashioning the first wheel from the tree with flint and fire; in the third, Pharaoh on a wheeled platform drawn by slaves; in the fourth, the temporary eclipse of the wheel by the sedan chair. The fifth tableau portrayed the birth of steam locomotion with Stephenson mounting an engine on wheels, and the sixth suggested the world-wide growth of Stephenson's idea. It seems difficult to believe that any improvement could be effected upon the monster locomotives that came fresh from the works to represent to-day, but the whole unspoken message of that wonderful procession was a reminder that the wheel never stands still, and that there is yet abundant work for the hands and brains of George Stephenson's disciples.

The celebration opened with a visit by the Duke and Duchess of York to the Faverdale Exhibition of Historical Curiosities, illustrating the growth of railways.

There is Queen Victoria's private coach, for example — a thing that Mr. Lytton Strachey ought to have seen,

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for it illustrated the Queen's character notably. She had a semaphore, worked from inside, by which she could herself instruct the engine-driver when she wished him to slow down; and she had a small telegraph apparatus for desired instructions. The blue-silk-lined drawers for her most private possessions are themselves a curiosity. There is an engine dated 1840, lent by the Belgian Government. It is Rocket-like, armed with two small, tight, wood faggots for brushing obstructions off the line. There is 'the last of the Dandies' — the Dandy being a horse-drawn vehicle on the rails. It was still in use as late as 1914.

But the newest thing is not the least interesting. It is the latest L. N. E. R. 'articulated train.' Three coaches, not less than 150 feet in length, are now carried on as few as three bogies, a great feat of engineering that much reduces the length of the train and ease of passage inside the coach. The kitchen, which occupies a part of one coach, is exclusively fitted with electric stoves.

When you begin to inspect the exhibition proper you discover that 'Railway Centenary' is a misnomer. Railways are much older than one hundred years, though not railways plus steam locomotives; and some of the best exhibits are rails of all sorts, of early dates and fantastic patterns. They include, of course, the rails invented by Mr. Outram, from whose second syllable the word tram, now used in most languages, is formed. There was a great battle of the rails proceeding in 1813, and indeed earlier, when the 'channel' rail, of which there are some fine contemporary samples, was in favor. It has a raised edge on both sides, as well as a slight inner flange, a little suggestive of the very latest rail.

Trevithick, whose own large model is shown, ran a steam engine on a channel rail along one of the Merthyr Tydfil roads as early as 1805. He has, perhaps, the highest claim of all to be the pioneer of railways. Blenkinsop's extension and adaptation of 1812 is also exhibited. Among curiosities of invention that have as yet had no sequel are fragments of the South Devon 'atmospheric railway' of 1846, which at the time stirred the highest expectations. The first cast-iron bridge — the work of George Stephenson himself — is one of the larger exhibits, as well as his hand-driven lathe.

The character as well as the accomplishment of George Stephenson is quaintly underlined. He seems to have developed a mania for presenting gold watches. The authors of the exhibition have been almost embarrassed by the number of offers, and they make an attractive caseful. His own railway pass is to be seen. There is abundant evidence that he was a civil engineer first and a mechanic second. Certainly he made a good deal of the £140,000 that he finally bequeathed by surveying work. The MS. of his letter of acceptance of Edward Pease's offer is shown. He was then a wheelwright at the Killingworth Colliery, but wrote a good hand in sound English. Well, the Killingworth gauge of four feet, eight and one-half inches, then in vogue is now at last being adopted by the whole of the Australian railways, and laid down by those States that had tried other gauges.

Most people who go through the exhibition will comment on the rapidity of development, on the contrast of new and old, but much of the very earliest apparatus, especially in signaling and even in electric signaling, is very like that in present use. There is a telephone used in 1850. Among the contrasts is an iron buffer stripped with horsehair. The sleepers, some of stone, some longitudinal, make a little exhibition in themselves.

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One of the discoveries is a picture by John Dobbin. The best known of railway pictures is Dobbin's illustration of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, showing Locomotion No. 1 crossing over Skerne Bridge. It is a polished, rather affected picture, painted years after the event. The new picture is more of a daub, but more like Hogarth and less like Firth. It has the general structure of the later picture, but not the detail, and is informed with a quaint humor. It might well have been painted by a boy of talent. Dobbin was ten years old when the rail was opened.

Many of the MSS. are amazing, including some extraordinary 'howlers' by Lord Eldon in comments on the first railway Bill of 1821. There is a poster, printed by early railway strikers in 1867, warning the public against traveling, as the work was being done by 'inexperienced men.' The MS. expenses accounts of the early pioneers, of which several are shown, suggest for the most part that they found their inspiration in plentiful brandy at all meals.

Here is one: —

Breakfast	1*s.* 6*d.*
Soda	0*s.* 8*d.*
Brandy	2*s.* 0*d.*
	4*s.* 2*d.*

The number of models, several just completed by men in the works, would delight all boys.

After the pageant, the Duke of York unveiled at St. John's Crossing, Stockton, a modest tablet thus inscribed: —

Here in 1825
The Stockton and Darlington Railway
Company Booked the First Railway
Passenger,
Thus Marking an Epoch
In the History of Mankind.

That wise old Quaker, Edward Pease, — Stephenson's best friend, — foresaw the development. 'If they will only let us make the railroads, the railroads will make the country,' he said, not once but many times. The hand that turns the lever rules the world.

PROOF

BY HUGH FLEMING

[*Poetry of To-Day*]

Sea grapes
In a crystal pool —
God is wise
And man's a fool.

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PIONEERING IN BRAZIL. II[1]

BY SIEGFRIED ALBERT SCHOLZ

[THIS article concludes the adventures of the German rice-planter whose narrative began in our preceding monthly issue.]

THE howling monkeys had finished their morning concert except for isolated cries echoing here and there from the blue, mist-girdled mountains. The sun hung like an incandescent ball in the sky; the atmosphere quivered with heat. Not a breath of air stirred. Another hot spell was upon us.

Schufterle, who lay stretched in front of the door gazing at me sleepily, realized this. Who would ever have imagined that this dog would become famous all along the river, that adults and children in the neighboring mountains and valleys would know him, admire him, fear him, and christen their four-legged pets and even their children after him? If I had foreseen that I should have given him a handsomer name.

The sun mounted higher — and the mercury with it. My house snake paid me his daily morning visit, slipped silently through the window in black-and-yellow gorgeousness, draped himself across my desk, looked surprised to find me working when it was so hot, and vanished again into some cool retreat. My wife was scolding the servants in the kitchen. My little daughter was trotting from room to room, occasionally throwing a silver spoon or some other object of value against the kitchen fireplace. In a word, we were enjoying a regular tropical family idyl.

Suddenly Schufterle sprang to his feet with every sign of violent agitation, looked around, and disappeared with a leap into the jungle. I meditated gloomily on the idea that even dogs in this murderous climate get cases of tropical nerves. Otherwise I could not explain his odd behavior.

But I was not allowed to dwell long on this interesting theme. All at once I felt pricking, biting, and stabbing on my feet and ankles, and simultaneously saw with a shock of surprise my wife suddenly begin a sort of wild war-dance. My little daughter, too, began to slap herself violently. From every corner, crack, and aperture thousands of beetles, roaches, and other insects scurried forth in incredible numbers and obvious panic. Bats and vampires flashed with a silken whisk through the air; rats and mice in unimaginable numbers scampered across the floor like mad. Just then I noticed that the floor was literally black with ants, and that unbroken streams of invaders were flowing into the building through every door and window. I looked out. Glittering black ribbons of ants were heading toward the building from all directions.

It did no good to shut the doors and windows, to throw hot water on the floor, or to scatter burning embers in front of the entrances. The invaders swept in from every side. We had no alternative but to take to our heels, first to the woods and later to our

[1] From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), *June* 21

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canoe on the river, to wait until our unexpected visitors departed.

After putting my wife and child in a place of safety I returned to watch what was going on. To my astonishment I discovered that the ants conducted their campaign with perfect plan and system. The big ants covered the floor. Their long-legged companions of slighter build climbed the walls and disappeared into every cranny and crevice, only to come out a moment later pulling from its concealment some insect or animal that showed every evidence of mortal terror. They clung in dense clusters to their victim's wings, feet, and body, preventing his moving. The moment he fell to the floor the big black fellows swarmed over him until nothing was visible except a ball of seething insects, which remained until the last fragment of their prey was consumed.

A few hours later the ants began to thin out. They departed in long black ribbons into the forest from whence they had come. By evening the family, together with Schufterle, who joined us later, were able to return to the house. Not an ant remained behind, and for several months thereafter the building was absolutely free from insects and vermin.

After that the traveling ants visited us generally about twice a year and cleaned out the old structure in which we lived better than human hands could possibly have done it. So after this first visitation we waited for them impatiently and greeted their advent with joy.

A bacteriological institution at São Paulo supplies gratis to anyone sending in a live specimen of a poisonous serpent the serum that is an antidote for its bite. In this way I secured a stock of practically all the usual antidotes. My Negroes knew this and listened attentively to my medical disquisitions. But for the most part they preferred to be sent to the Great Beyond by their *curandero*, or local witch-doctor, in preference to taking my injection. The region where I was living abounded in serpents to a degree remarkable even in this snake-infested country. At some seasons they were so bad that my hired hands refused to harvest the rice in certain low ground for any price. I had to drive my hogs into the place first. I lost hired hands, cattle, horses, and chickens by snake-bite, but never a hog. When one of these was bitten he would run as quickly as he could to the nearest mud puddle and bury himself in it up to the eyes, to emerge a few days later rejuvenated and somewhat thinner, and blessed with an enormous appetite.

When one of my own men was bitten by a snake we usually went through the following procedure. He would run in howling from the clearing and howl still louder while I prepared to give him a serum injection. Then he would fall on his knees and beg me not to kill him, and to give him as much rum as he could drink, to save his life. After emptying the second bottle he would calm down somewhat, after the third he would go to sleep, and in most cases he would pull through all right. But one day, when a full half of my field hands suddenly presented themselves all suffering from the same symptoms, I became suspicious. Even in our snake-blessed neighborhood there could not be as many snakes as that. Then I discovered their trick. The Negroes had pricked themselves with thorns so as to make a wound resembling that made by a venomous serpent's fangs, in order to get a treat of rum. After that I required every bite to be vouched for by the oath of two witnesses.

I had many opportunities to verify

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the marvelous effect of the serums. One particularly striking case was that of the four-year-old daughter of my German foreman's wife, who came back from a walk with her sister crying and complaining that her foot hurt. She said she had 'bumped it.' Cold compresses did not help, her ankle swelled rapidly, and black spots began to appear on the inner surface. I was sure that the child had not told me the truth — that she must have been bitten by a snake or a spider. But she persistently denied this. I did not know what to do. Time was pressing. The child was becoming weaker and the dark spots kept growing blacker. I decided to give her an injection, and luckily chose the serum of the snake that was most venomous at this particular season. In a few minutes the child was quieter, the pain gradually stopped, the black spots cleared up, and the next morning she was as lively and well as if she had not been on the edge of the grave a few hours before. She then laughingly described how a tiny, striped black-and-brown snake had suddenly wrapped itself so tightly around her foot that she could hardly pull away from it. Fearing she would be whipped for being so heedless, she would not tell her mother that a snake had bitten her.

All this time the World War was raging, but only uncertain and belated reports from Europe penetrated to our peaceful river settlement. Once a week the *Blumenau Urwaldbote* or the São Paulo *Deutsche Zeitung* recorded incredible victories and triumphs of the Central Powers. Once a week the Portuguese papers informed us that Germany and Austria were utterly shattered and crushed. The intellectual centre of our valley was Xiririca. There the hostile worlds of pro-Germans and anti-Germans clashed. There I held forth enthusiastically for the justice of Germany's cause, and there my former English friend fought by word of mouth and word of pen for his country. Each of us had a large following of all colors, and soon the whole district was divided into two enemy camps that fought each other violently, not with weapons, but with every other device they could invent. Each victory was properly celebrated by one side or the other, and, as the victories in the World War were innumerable, the people of the river valley were thus treated to what became practically one continuous fête, to their untold gratification. They will look back longingly to those happy days of glorified carnage for the rest of their lives.

As the war dragged on and bitterness increased, the feeling in our backwoods settlement grew more intense. We decided we must have it out. And so it came about that the Englishman and I sent armed gangs of our working people to raid each other's property. Law and order had ceased to exist. But that could not last forever. One of us must yield. There must be a decision.

That came of a fine morning. I saw with astonishment my former English friend mounted on a tall horse and followed by a long column of his supporters, armed with axes and forks, approaching through the *piccada*. This bold breach of the peace was a challenge, and my prestige was at stake. I must go forth to meet him. So we stood face to face, once the best of friends, now mortal enemies — both men with blue eyes and blonde hair, both far from our native land, surrounded by a mob of colored people. We glared at each other in breathless silence. The only sound that broke the stillness came from the fluttering 'pepper beaks' who watched us curiously from the neighboring trees. Then light slowly dawned

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upon us. The river valley was vast; the virgin forest was boundless. There was room for both of us.

'Don't be a fool! Come in and have a drink.'

The valiant Britisher dismounted instantly, threw his arm over my shoulder, and arm in arm we went into the house. Our followers likewise linked arm in arm and filed after us. For our part we had made peace. The only objector was my little daughter. She got blue in the face, shrieked, and struck out with her tiny fists. She could not endure to have a strange white person approach her. The only people she would tolerate near her were the blacks.

When the outcome of the war was no longer in doubt, Brazil finally elected to join the Allies so that she might be numbered among the victorious Powers. That ended our forest idyl at Bananal Grande; for thereupon I and my wife and child were deported as enemy aliens.

THE INVISIBLE COLLECTION[1]

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

Two stations beyond Dresden an elderly gentleman entered our compartment, greeted the passengers courteously, sat down opposite me, and nodded to me as if I were an old acquaintance. I did not recognize him at first, but when he mentioned his name with a half-smile I at once recalled him as one of the best-known art-dealers and antiquarians in Berlin, from whom in the days before the war I often bought old books and autographs. We spoke of indifferent matters, until he interrupted the train of conversation to say: 'I must tell you how I happen to be here. I have just had the rarest adventure that ever befell an old art-peddler like me — the strangest in my thirty-seven years of business.'

This trip is one of those impromptu, new-fashioned business jaunts that are among the few pleasant things this unhappy inflation craze has brought us home-keeping antiquarians.

Probably you don't know what art-dealing is like since the value of money has been vanishing like a flash. The newly rich have just discovered that their hearts are yearning for Gothic Madonnas and incunabula and old embroideries and pictures. You can't get enough to supply them. I have to fight desperately to keep them from buying me out of house and home — from taking the cuff-links out of my shirt and the lamp off my desk. At the same time we are having a harder and harder time to get any goods to sell. Pardon the word 'goods'; I know it jars upon a man like you, but these fellows use it so much that I have picked it up in spite of myself. In fact, I have come to regard a marvelous Venetian original edition much as I should an overcoat that cost so many dollars, and a sketch by Cuercino as merely the incarnation of a bank note for a few thousand francs.

In casting about for something to sell, it occurred to me to look through my old ledgers and letter books, to see

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *May* 31

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if there were not people among our old customers who would be glad to raise money on some of the things they bought from me in their better years before the war. Such an old customers' list is a sort of mortuary record to-day, and I did not find many addresses that I could use. Most of my former clients had long since auctioned off all they owned or were dead, and I had nothing to hope for from the few who remained. Just as I was about to give up in despair, I chanced upon a whole file of letters from a gentleman who was perhaps my oldest customer, but whose name had slipped my mind because I had not heard from him since before the war.

This correspondence was a remarkable one. It went back almost sixty years. The writer had bought from my father and my grandfather. Yet I could not recall having seen him in my shop during the thirty-seven years since it was mine. Everything seemed to show that he was one of those odd, old-fashioned eccentrics such as survived here and there in our provincial towns until quite recently. His letters were written like copperplate. Each item in his order was underlined with a ruler and red ink. He always repeated figures twice, so that there might be no mistake. These peculiarities, as well as the fact that he wrote his notes on torn-out flyleaves and enclosed them in miscellaneous envelopes that he had picked up here and there, stamped him as a punctilious penny-saving provincial. After his signature he always signed in full 'Provincial Forester and Farm Steward, Retired; Lieutenant, Retired; Holder of the Iron Cross First-class.' Since he must be a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, he could not be under his middle eighties, if he were still alive.

Nevertheless, this ridiculous, cheeseparing miser showed remarkable shrewdness, knowledge, and taste as a collector of old prints and engravings. When I listed his orders for almost sixty years, beginning with those amounting to a few silver pennies, I discovered that this little provincial had quietly got together, in the days when a dollar would buy a stack of the finest German woodcuts, a collection of etchings and engravings easily outrivaling many of the widely advertised collections of the newly rich. Merely those that he had bought from us during a half-century, for a mark or a few pfennigs apiece, were now of untold value; and I had every reason to assume that he had also purchased at auctions and from other dealers. Since 1914 we had not received a single order from him; but I was familiar enough with what was going on in the art trade to feel sure that such a collection had never been dispersed either by auction or by private sale. I therefore concluded that this remarkable man must still be alive, or else that his collection remained in the hands of his heirs.

The case so interested me that I left the following day — that is, yesterday evening — directly for his place of residence, one of the scrubbiest little provincial towns in Saxony. When I got off the train at the tiny station and walked up through the principal street it seemed to me utterly incredible that anyone living in its banal little gimcrack cottages, with their chromos and impossible factory-furniture, could possibly own some of the finest of Rembrandt's etchings and Dürer's engravings, and a complete collection of Mantegnas. In fact it was with a feeling of surprise that I learned at the post office that a Provincial Forester and Farm Steward of the name of my former correspondent was still alive and actually residing in the town.

You can well imagine that I sought his lodgings with a violently beating

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heart. They were not difficult to find. He lived in the second story of one of those plain, cheaply constructed small-town tenements that speculative jerry-builders used to put up back in the sixties of the last century. An honest merchant-tailor occupied the first floor; the card of a post-office employee was on the left-hand side in the second story, and on the right side was a white porcelain plate with the name and titles of the Provincial Forester and Farm Steward.

A very old white-haired lady wearing a tidy black cap immediately answered my hesitating knock. I handed her my card and asked if I might see the *Herr Forstrat*. She gazed at me and then at the card with a look of surprise mingled with a certain distrust. Apparently a visit was something of an event in this old-fashioned house and out-of-way corner of the world. But she asked me in a gentle voice to wait, took the card, and went into a room. I first heard a light whispering and then suddenly a stentorian masculine voice saying: 'Ah, Herr R—— from Berlin, the great antiquarian. Let him come in, let him come in. I'm delighted to meet him.' Immediately the little old grandmother trotted out and invited me to enter.

I took off my hat and did so. In the middle of the modest room stood a tall, aged, but still vigorous man, with a bushy moustache, wearing a half-military, frogged smoking-jacket, who cordially held out both hands toward me. But in spite of this friendly gesture, and his obviously spontaneous and sincere cordiality, he made no move to meet me. I had to advance, slightly embarrassed, to grasp his hand. As I did so I observed that he held them motionless in front of him, without attempting to clasp mine. The next moment I understood. The old gentleman was blind.

Ever since I was a child I have felt uncomfortable in the presence of blind people. I have always had a vague embarrassed feeling that in some way I had an unfair advantage over them. I was keenly conscious of this sensation as I glanced up at the old gentleman's eyes, which stared straight ahead of him under his bushy white brows. But he did not allow me to think of this more than an instant. As soon as my hand touched his he shook it heartily, and exclaimed, laughing with almost boisterous delight: 'A rare visit! A miracle! That a big gentleman like you from Berlin should drop into our little nest. . . . But a man has to look out when one of you big experts is on his trail. We have a saying here: "Lock your doors and look to your pockets when the gypsies come." Yes, sir! Yes, sir! I can guess already what brought you. Business is bad now in our poor, distressed Germany. Nobody wants to buy anything, so you big gentlemen are out canvassing your old customers. But I am afraid you won't have much luck with me. We old pensioners are thankful to have a crust of bread to eat. We can't go on collecting at the present crazy prices. We 're out of the game.'

I told him at once that he was mistaken. I had not come to sell him anything. I merely happened to be in the neighborhood and seized the opportunity to drop in and pay my respects to an old client of our firm and one of the greatest collectors in Germany. When I said 'one of the greatest collectors in Germany' a pleased expression flashed over the old man's face. He still stood stiff and erect in the middle of the room, but his posture instantly betrayed his pride and gratification. He turned to the spot where he thought his wife was as if to say: 'Do you hear that?' Then with a voice trembling with pleasure, and dropping the brusque military tone he had previ-

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ously used, he said softly, almost tenderly: 'That is really very, very kind of you. But you must not have made your visit here in vain. You shall see something that you won't see every day, even in Berlin — a couple of pieces that cannot be rivaled in the Albertina or in Paris, God curse her! Yes, sir, when a man has collected for sixty years, things fall into his hands that you do not pick up anywhere in the street. Louise, just give me the key to the cupboard.'

Thereupon something strange happened. The little old lady, who was standing by his side and listening to our conversation with a sympathetic smile, suddenly raised both hands toward me with an imploring gesture. I did n't understand for a moment. Then, turning to her husband and laying both hands lightly on his shoulders, she said: 'But, Herwarth, you have n't asked the gentleman whether he has time to look at your collection. It is almost dinner-time. After dinner you must rest an hour. The physician insists on that. Is n't it better to show the gentleman all these things after dinner and have him take a cup of coffee with us? At that time Anna Marie will be here. She understands it all so much better and can help you.'

The moment she finished speaking she turned to me and repeated the same imploring gesture, which I now understood. I saw that she wanted me to refuse to look at his things just then, and so I invented an urgent dinner-engagement. It would be a great pleasure and an honor to look over his collection, but I could hardly do so before three o'clock that afternoon. I should be happy to call again at that hour if he would permit me. The old man turned around impatiently, angry as a child deprived of his favorite plaything. 'Of course,' he growled, 'you Berlin gentlemen never have time. But to-day you must take time, for you are not looking at three or four pieces. I have twenty-seven portfolios, each one for a different artist, and every one is more than half full. Make it three o'clock then, but come promptly or we shall not finish.'

The little old lady accompanied me to the door. I had noticed that she seemed worried and uncomfortable. As she opened the door she said abruptly in a low voice: 'Would you — would you mind speaking to my daughter Anna Marie before you come? It is better in many ways. Of course you dine at the hotel?'

'Certainly, I shall be very happy to do so,' I said.

And in fact an hour later, just as I stepped into the little parlor of the hotel on the market place after a midday dinner, an elderly spinster very plainly clad entered the room, apparently looking for somebody. I stepped up to her at once, introduced myself, and said I should be happy to go with her to see the collection. She blushed violently and, with the same confused embarrassment that her mother had shown, begged to say a few words to me first. I could see that she was in great distress. The moment she began to speak her face turned red and her fingers played nervously with a button on her coat. Finally she stammered: 'My mother has sent me to you. She has told me the whole story. We have a great favor to ask. We want to tell you before you come to father. Father naturally will show you his collection, and the collection — the collection — is no longer complete. A number of pieces, quite a number, are lacking.' She had to stop for breath. Then, looking up suddenly straight into my eyes, she continued with an effort: —

'I must tell you the whole thing. You know the times. You will understand. Father became completely blind after the war. Even before that he

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could not see very well, and the excitement of the war — well, it destroyed his sight completely. In spite of his seventy years, he was determined to go to France. And as soon as he saw that the army was not getting forward as it did in 1870 he was so agitated that his eyes failed him rapidly. In other respects he was still vigorous. Until this happened, he could make long trips — yes, even go hunting. Now he cannot take walks and his only pleasure is his collection. He looks at it every day. That is, of course he does n't see it, — he does n't see anything, — but he takes out his portfolios every afternoon so that he can feel the pieces one after another. He knows them by heart. Nothing else interests him; and I have to read all the auction notices in the newspapers to him. The higher the prices go the happier he is, for — that is the worst of it — father no longer understands what prices mean in these days. He does n't know that we have lost everything and that his pension would not support us two days of the month. Besides that, my sister's husband fell in the war and left her with four little children. But father knows nothing of our money cares. First we economized, economized more than ever, but that did n't do. Then we began to sell things. Naturally we did n't touch his beloved collection. We sold what jewelry we had. That was not much, for father had spent every penny that he could scrape together for sixty years on his drawings and engravings. One day we had nothing left. We did n't know what to do, and then — and then — mother and I sold one piece. Father would not have allowed it; he did n't know what a pinch we were in. He had no idea how hard it was to get a bit of food. He does n't know yet that we lost the war and have had to give up Alsace-Lorraine. We don't read such things to him in the newspapers.

'The first piece we sold was a very valuable one, a Rembrandt. The dealer offered us many, many thousand marks, and we hoped they would support us for a year. But you know how money melts away. We put the entire sum in a bank and in two months it was gone. After that we had to sell another piece, and still another. And the dealer always sent the money so late that it was not worth much when we got it. Then we tried to sell at auction, and we were cheated there in spite of the millions we received. By the time the millions reached us they were already worthless. So gradually the best things in his collection, except a very few, have gone, and we have received for them barely enough to exist on. Father does not know a thing about it.

'That is why my mother was so frightened when you came. He would have discovered the whole thing, for we have put blank sheets of paper of the same size and practically the same thickness in place of each piece we took out, so he does n't notice it when he handles them. He gets the same pleasure from handling them that he formerly got from looking at the originals. There is nobody here in our little village that father ever thought worthy of seeing them. He loves every piece with a fanatical love, and it would break his heart if he knew one of them had been sold. You are the first man during all these years — since the old Director of the Dresden Print Department died, who used to visit us often — to whom he has offered to show his treasures. So I beg you —'

The poor woman hesitated and raised her hands toward me with tear-dimmed eyes. 'I beg you, don't destroy his happiness. Don't destroy our happiness. Don't spoil his last illusion. Help us to make him believe that all the pieces that he thinks he is showing you are really there. He would not survive

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the shock if he knew the truth. We may have done wrong, but we could not do otherwise. People must live and — well, four fatherless children like my sister's are more important than any prints. And so far he is very happy. He spends three hours each afternoon fingering over his portfolios, talking to the pieces in his collection as if they were human beings. And to-day I think will be the happiest of all. He has been waiting for years to show his pets to someone who could appreciate them as he does. I beg you, do not rob him of that joy.'

She said all this with an agitation, with a depth of emotion, that I cannot convey to you here. I have seen many a shady deal in my business. I have seen many a man swindled most scurvily during the present inflation, and valuable estates go for a crust of bread. But this was a case that for some reason went straight to my heart. Of course I promised her not to say a word, and to do my best to carry out the deception.

So we went back to her house together. On the way I learned with a shock for what miserably inadequate sums these poor ignorant women had sold the old man's treasures. So I determined to help them the best I could. We went upstairs and had hardly reached the door when I heard the old man's stentorian voice calling: 'Come in, come in.' With the keen ear of the blind he must have recognized our footsteps on the stairs.

'Herwarth could not sleep to-day — he was so impatient to show you his precious pictures,' the old lady said, laughing. A glance at her daughter told her everything was all right. A great heap of portfolios lay in order on the table. As soon as the blind man felt my hand he grasped me by the arm and pulled me down into a chair beside him.

'So now we will begin. We have a great deal to look at, and you gentlemen from Berlin never have much time. The first portfolio is by Master Dürer and, as you will soon see for yourself, quite complete. And each one finer than the others! But I must not talk. You will judge with your own eyes. Look, now!' He opened the first portfolio — 'The Big Horse.'

With cautious, light-tipped fingers he drew forth, as tenderly as if he were handling the most delicate piece of porcelain, a yellow, blank sheet of paper, and held it up for me to see. As he fixed his sightless eyes upon it, holding it out level in front of him, an expression of ecstatic admiration crossed his face. I was almost startled at what seemed to be a glow of recognition in his eyes.

'Now,' he said proudly, 'did you ever see a finer impression? Note how sharp, how clear, every detail is. I have compared this copy with the one in Dresden and the latter looks flat and heavy beside it. And its pedigree! Look there!' He turned the sheet over and pointed with his finger nail to a place on the back of the blank paper. He did it so convincingly that I involuntarily leaned forward to see. 'There you have the stamp of the Nagler Collection. Here that of Remy and Esdaille. They never thought — those great predecessors of mine — that this sheet would ever get here in my little room.'

A cold shudder ran down my back as I watched the unconscious old man's rapture over this meaningless scrap of paper. There was something spectral and weird in the certainty with which his finger nail traced what he saw only in his imagination.

'Unrivaled!' I finally managed to stammer. 'A magnificent copy!'

His face glowed with pride. 'But that 's nothing,' he said triumphantly. 'You must first see the "Melancholy" or the "Passion" — a colored print. I

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doubt if it has an equal. Look, now.' Again his fingers tenderly drew out an imaginary print. 'Just observe the fresh, lifelike, warm tone. There 's something to make Berlin and its dealers and museum professors sit up and take notice.'

And it went on like this, in a pæan of triumph, for two whole hours. I cannot describe what an uncanny feeling it gave me to gaze at these hundred or two hundred pieces of blank paper, to realize what they represented to that old man, and to watch the tragic, unsuspecting assurance with which he pointed out, with infallible certainty as to every minutest detail, the beauties and merits of each piece. Indeed, it was so real to him that I almost caught his own illusion.

Only once did we come close to the verge of a rude awakening. He was showing me what he supposed was a Rembrandt 'Antiope' — a trial proof that must have been of inestimable value — and as he dilated on the sharpness of the print, and passed his nervous, sensitive fingers over it, he missed some light, familiar indentation. A shadow flashed across his face and his voice trembled hesitatingly as he said, with an interrogatory accent: 'It 's — it 's — that 's the "Antiope"?' But I hurriedly took the piece from his hand and proceeded to describe with well-feigned enthusiasm a dozen familiar points in the actual etching.

His puzzled expression instantly vanished. The more I praised the more radiant he grew, until at last he burst out triumphantly to his wife and daughter: 'Here 's a man who knows what these things are worth. You have always grumbled and complained because I put my money into this collection. It is true — for sixty years no beer, no wine, no tobacco, no traveling, no theatres, no books, just saving and saving for these "pictures." But when I am dead and gone you 'll see, you will be rich — richer than anyone in town, as rich as the richest folks in Dresden. Then you can live as you want to, and have a good time. But as long as I 'm alive not a thing here shall leave the house. I shall be carried out first. After me my collection.'

As he spoke he placed his hand tenderly over his portfolios as if they were something alive, with a touching — and under the circumstances a tragic — gesture. Since the outbreak of the war I had not seen an expression of such absolute happiness on the face of a German. His wife stood beside him, watching his pleasure with tear-dimmed eyes. But the old man could not have enough of my praise and appreciation. He kept turning the portfolios over again and again, drinking in every word I had to say. I felt relieved of a weight of responsibility when the deceptive portfolios were at length laid to one side and the coffee placed on the table.

Thereupon the old man began to tell me a thousand anecdotes of his purchases. At each good story he would fumble for his portfolios, refusing any assistance, in order to show me once more the particular print in question. When I finally said that I must go he was tremendously put out, as vexed as a naughty child threatened with a whipping. He stamped his feet impatiently and insisted that I had not seen half of what he had. It was with great difficulty that the two ladies could persuade him that he must not keep me longer, or else I should lose my train.

When finally he was reconciled to my going and we said good-bye, his voice suddenly softened to gentleness again. Taking both my hands, he ran his fingers caressingly over them and up my arms with a blind man's eagerness to learn what I was like, and at

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the same time as if to express affection.

'You have given me a very great pleasure by your visit,' he began with a little quaver in his voice. 'It has been a real joy to me — at last, at last, *at last* to be able to show my collection to a man who appreciates it. And you shall see that you have not come in vain to visit an old blind man. I promise you here, with my wife as a witness, that I shall put a clause in my will commissioning your old reliable firm to auction my collection.' As he said this the old man laid his hand again caressingly upon his pillaged portfolios. 'Only promise me that they shall have a handsome catalogue. That will be my monument. I do not want any better.'

I looked at his wife and daughter, who were standing side by side, trembling with their common emotion. The solemnity of the occasion impressed us all, as this unsuspecting old gentleman, with such a touching display of feeling, made a last disposition of his dearest treasure.

The ladies accompanied me to the door. They did not venture to speak, because his sharp ears would have caught every word. But tears were flowing down their cheeks. As I stumbled down the stairs, half dazed by it all, I somehow felt ashamed of my profession. Here I had come, a bargain-hunting dealer, hoping to buy cheaply a few valuable prints. But the memory that I took away with me was something infinitely better than those would have been — I had seen once more the light of pure, unalloyed delight and joy in this gloomy, joyless age.

As I reached the street I heard the sound of a window opening above and my name called. The old man had insisted on looking out in the direction he assumed I was going, although he could see nothing with his blind eyes. He leaned out so far that the women had to hold him, and waving his pocket handkerchief he shouted after me 'A pleasant journey!' with the merry, happy voice of a boy. I shall never forget the sight of the white-haired old gentleman's happy face in the window, high above the hastening, harried, careworn crowd below. And I thought how true the old saying is, — I believe it is Goethe's, — 'Collectors are happy creatures.'

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THE CUSTOMS OF APPLAUSE[1]

BY PERCY A. SCHOLES

I DISCUSSED last Sunday the recent concert-room disturbances created by objectors to the music. I turn now to the expression of approval. With us it is desultory and unmethodical. In this, as in other activities, we British 'muddle through' where better-organized countries work upon system. Mr. Claude Trevor, in the *Musical Times* a few years ago, explained the methods of the claque in Italian opera-houses, and gave a tariff then in force (in quoting the figures I should state that they are 'pre-war'): —

> For applause on entrance, if a gentleman, 25 francs.
>
> For applause on entrance, if a lady, 15 francs.
>
> Ordinary applause during performance, each 10 francs.
>
> Insistent applause during performance, each 15 francs.
>
> Still more insistent applause, 17 francs
>
> For interruptions with 'Bene!' or 'Bravo!' 5 francs.
>
> For a '*Bis*' *at any cost*, 50 francs.
>
> Wild enthusiasm, a special sum to be arranged.

This writer asserts that Covent Garden has its claque, the members of which, he says, regular opera-goers with anything of the Sherlock Holmes instinct may, by careful observation, detect. The intervals between opera seasons at Covent Garden are, however, so long that it is not likely that we have anything very professional in the way of 'claquerie' — if that word exists. The amateur claque in our concert-rooms, the group of the singer's or player's friends who have come to see him or her 'through,' is, of course, often easily to be discovered, and concert-hall attendants, in their moments of candor, are sometimes willing to make confidences on the subject of the bouquets they carry in, which, they say, are not always contributed by members of the audience.

On the whole, I should think that applause in our London concert-rooms is at present one of the least reliable criteria as to a performer's success. Applause which appears to be universal will, on careful inspection of the audience, be found to come from a mere ten per cent. You will have the idea that everybody in the hall except yourself is excitedly applauding, and then, to your surprise, notice whole rows where not a hand is stirring. On a certain very foggy Sunday afternoon during the past winter, a mere few dozen people succeeded in reaching the Queen's Hall to hear a famous singer. To encourage her in distressing circumstances, they all clapped, and the resultant noise, I am told, fully equaled that after a great 'popular success' when the hall is filled.

A few loud bars at the end of an orchestral piece will always bring excited applause, however bored the audience may have appeared during the quarter of an hour preceding; noise calleth unto noise, and a sort of communal instinct to participate impels the audience. I have the idea that at vocal and in-

[1] From the *Observer* (London Conservative weekly), *May* 17

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strumental recitals, on some occasions, a praiseworthy motive of gratitude in the breasts of the 'deadheads' present accounts for a good deal of the applause, since I note that the most unlikely things are there sometimes applauded.

Performers of great reputation are usually equally applauded whether they do well or badly, which must be very discouraging to them, as must also be the premature applause which so often comes to them from tone-deaf people when a momentary rest occurs near the end of a piece — for there are apparently a good many enthusiastic concert-goers who are liable to mistake a pause upon some quite restless-sounding dominant seventh (or even more pungent discord) for the conclusive cadence, with its chord of repose, which, in all but very modern music, ends a piece.

There was an example of this the other day during the British National Opera Company's season at Golders Green. In the *Faust* ballet music there comes a moment near the end where legs, bows, and the conductor's baton all suddenly become motionless upon a chord of expectancy, and here broke in the battery, which then ceased suddenly as it was discovered with surprise that legs and hands were going on again. One wonders what it is exactly that some people get out of music — apparently a mere vague physical stimulus.

Finally, in speaking of types of applause, — though there is, perhaps, no necessity to reach the finality so quickly, — there are some audiences in which applause seems to be mere reaction after boredom. Perhaps, though those responsible for it may not have analyzed their mental processes, this type of applause expresses pleasure not so much in performance as in its cessation. And indeed a good proportion of our concert-room applause is probably nothing beyond a polite expression of the principle 'welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest.'

It has been gratifying of late years to find a diminution of the habit of applauding between the movements of a symphony. I think that Sir Henry Wood may take some of the credit for this. Also, the absurd obsequiousness of string quartettes in rising to acknowledge applause four times during one performance is weakening. Sonatas are now less often broken into by applause, and it is notable that Mr. Samuel's audience, one of the most enthusiastic in London, never thinks of applauding after the separate movements of a long Bach suite.

An impressionable concert-goer recently pleaded in the *Daily Telegraph* for breaks between the movements of Holst's 'Planets': 'At the Proms. the other night I did not hear the first part of 'Venus' because 'Mars' was still boiling inside me, and I shudder to think what would have happened if Saturn had followed Jupiter. . . . To put aside the youthful gambols of Jupiter and, in the time it takes to cross one's legs the other way, to grow to the bleak old age of Saturn would be to strain one's mind intolerably.' This gentleman would evidently parcel out Olympus into allotments, with 'buffer states' of waste ground everywhere to prevent boundary disputes. But I suppose that a pause 'tacet' (or rather 'tacent') would satisfy him as much as a pause 'strepitoso.'

Mr. Dolmetsch is the only concert-giver I can think of who regularly insists upon no applause between the actual items of the programme. He seems to think that the placid memories of the hearing of his old-time stringed, wind, and keyboard instruments suffer destruction during an outburst of percussion. Apart from his performances,

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the only ones I know of where applause is prohibited are occasional ones by certain choral societies of 'sacred' works. But it is still usually permitted to applaud after every 'number' of 'Messiah,' and a very painful feeling is sometimes thereby created.

Should conductors applaud soloists? I think not. It always produces a nasty jar in my supersensitive cerebrum when I see the conductor applauding the concerto-player or the singer. There is indeed something singularly unconvincing about conductors' handclapping and their ostensibly sympathetic tappings of the desk with their batons. Expressions of delight at a concert are, I am sure, best left to the audience.

THE SCHOOLDAYS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN[1]

BY HENRY TRISTRAM
PRIEST OF THE BIRMINGHAM ORATORY

IT was characteristic of Cardinal Newman that, from his earliest days, he kept with scrupulous care every letter and paper that might illuminate the record of his life; he seems never to have destroyed anything. In his later years he was conscious that such *documents intimes* would be of supreme importance to the biographer as a corrective of false or distorted views disseminated either through prejudice or from ignorance; but the habit had been formed in early childhood and persisted throughout his life. These memorials of himself and his friends, however, he preserved not only for the sake of future generations but also for their own intrinsic interest to himself; and at frequent intervals during his life he recurred to them, added brief marginal notes, and jotted down the dates at which he read them again.

Most men shun such records, and prefer that the past should live only in memory, because memory is often kind and the regrets that endure are distilled through the alembic of the years. But to Newman the past lived in the present, and its memorials were a constant joy, not an abiding sorrow. Because he treasured its flotsam and jetsam, he was able to regard it, not only in retrospect, but also, as it were, face to face.

This peculiarity of his has provided a rich mine in which the biographer may dig for his material. From his schooldays there remain diaries, copy books, prizes, magazines, many of them bearing the annotations of later years; even the Verse Book containing the 'Cross and Rosary,' to which he attached such significance in the *Apologia*, still exists. Some of this material he made use of in the *Autobiographical Memoir* he wrote in 1874, but much of it has been passed over both by himself and by his biographers.

Among the papers so religiously preserved there remains a fragment apparently of a school prospectus, which sets out to enlist the sympathetic interest of the public by making the following ambitious claims: —

From its spacious and commodious premises, rebuilt a few years ago especially

[1] From the *Cornhill Magazine*, (London literary monthly), *June*

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for School purposes, together with the high scholarship and well-known scientific and literary attainments of the Principal and Assistant Masters, this old School is well suited to supply the want of a Suburban Institution of high character, combining the advantages of Eton and Harrow, and the other great Schools of Ancient Learning, with the more practical benefits of the best mixed Schools of the Metropolis — King's College School, the City of London School, and others of similar standing.

To this is appended a list of 'former pupils,' among whom figures the name of J. H. Newman, Oriel College. To his name curiously enough the note 'Tract 90' is added, apparently as his title to fame, but surely this could hardly have been a recommendation in the eyes of the Paterfamilias of the day; it is significant that no mention is made of his conversion, *fait accompli* though it was. This — Great Ealing School — was Newman's first and only school. But the imposing and somewhat bizarre edifice, illustrated at the top of the Prospectus, was not the school known to Newman; he has drawn lines across the picture and added in the margin the note: '*This* School House is a new concern on new ground.'

In Newman's day the school occupied what was known as the Old Rectory, near St. Mary's Church, standing some distance back from St. Mary's Road. The site on which it was built is now traversed by Ranelagh Road, and the playing fields are covered with more or less modern houses. The ancient buildings were demolished almost entirely in 1852, because the woodwork had become infected with dry rot. But before this the school had been transferred to a large house, built specially for the purpose away from the church and nearer the village of Ealing.

At the beginning of last century it was a school of established reputation, perhaps not so old as it claimed to be, but certainly old enough to have proved its worth. A private establishment, founded by a Mr. Pierce, it passed from him in 1768 to his son-in-law, the Reverend R. B. Shury, of Christ Church, Oxford, and from him again to his son-in-law, the Reverend George Nicholas, Newman's headmaster, who raised it to a position unique among schools and made it the largest private educational establishment in the country. During the period when Newman was there, it was steadily growing, until it numbered some three hundred pupils, and new buildings, as we learn from his Diary, were being erected for their accommodation. The school flourished simply and solely because it provided a good education. It does not seem to have stood for any original educational ideal; it was conducted on Eton lines, but perhaps its proximity to London helped it. To a certain extent it was what we should now call a preparatory school, for the majority of pupils, who were destined for the universities, proceeded to the public schools.

For a school of this character it produced an amazing number of distinguished men in all walks of life. Most distinguished of them all, if we except Newman, was Thackeray, but his time there was short and perhaps troubled. The hero of *Henry Esmond* spent days of unhappiness at Ealing and played with other boys on the Green; and in his *Papers* Dr. Nicholas is referred to as Dr. Tickle-us of Great Ealing School. At a later date Huxley passed two years there between the ages of eight and ten, but refers to this period rather disparagingly as 'two years of a pandemonium of a school.' His father was an assistant master toward the close of Dr. Nicholas's régime, and the condition of the school does not seem to have

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been as flourishing as it had been during his prime.

Among other distinguished old boys may be mentioned Horace Mayhew, Charles Knight, Francis Newman, Captain Marryat, W. S. Gilbert, the two Rawlinsons, the three Selwyns, George Alexander Macfarren, Lord Truro, Lord Chief Justice Thesiger, the two Lawrences, the two Sales, and Hicks Pasha — surely a considerable list for a period extending over hardly more than half a century. In this connection one unique member of the staff must be mentioned; this was Louis Philippe, afterward King of the French, who, settling in England at Twickenham, taught geography and mathematics at Ealing and elsewhere. But he left England the year before Newman entered the school.

This important event took place on May 1, 1808, when he was a child not yet quite seven and a half years of age; and the boy remained until the end of 1816, when on December 14 he matriculated at Oxford, although he did not actually go into residence until the following June. Apparently he was intended for Winchester, but he did not wish to leave Ealing; why, we do not know, but we may suppose that he had grown attached to the place. It was a mistake, as he realized in later years, and as Dr. Nicholas admitted in a letter congratulating him on the Oriel Fellowship. The comparative mediocrity of his undergraduate career was largely due to his extreme youth, and, if he had proceeded to Winchester, he would not have gone up to Oxford until the proper age. At Ealing no provision was made for boys after sixteen.

Two books of his remain from this period, one read just before he went to school and one a little after. The first is *An Easy Introduction to the Arts and Sciences*, by R. Turner, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. In it he wrote the following note in 1854: —

> This book I had at Ham, *i. e.* before September 1807. I have just received it from T. Mozley and on opening it at pp. 186–190 I recollect perfectly rhodomontading out of it to my nursery maid in the shrubbery there, near the pond, at the end of the diagonal of the paddock or path from the house, and telling her that when I was at Brighton I had seen four different fish, describing from pp. 186–190 the whale, the shark, etc. . . . and when she could not make out what the fish were and guessed wrong I said 'it was a whale, it was a tortoise' which I saw.

The second has the title 'The Visit for a Week, or Hints on the Improvement of Time, containing original tales, anecdotes from natural and moral history, &c., designed for the instruction and amusement of youth by Lucy Peacock.' In this Newman has written two notes at the same time: —

> I must have had this in 1808 or 1809. I was in the little school at the time, and I was out of it by June 1809; I cannot tell how much before.
>
> I was in the little school at Ealing when this book was given round to us to read in class. I believe the date to be as I have put it in the beginning of the book. Instead of keeping it for schooltime as a lesson, I put myself in the large open window, my legs hanging out or along it, and read it right through or at least as far as time would allow. I have often thought of this book and thought it was lost forever. I was thinking of it only a week or two ago. It has just come to me from T. Mozley. April 17, 1854.

His correspondence during these early years is formal rather than revealing, and consists entirely of letters, very carefully written in a large round hand and probably dictated by a master, to announce to his parents the date of his return home. The following, his first letter from school, may be taken as a specimen of several: —

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EALING, *June 3rd*, 1808.

DEAR MAMMA, —

I am very glad to inform you that our Vacation commences on the 21st Inst. when I hope to find you all well.

I am, Dear Mamma,
Your dutiful Son,
J. H. NEWMAN

But he was fond of annotating his exercise books with remarks extraneous to the matter they were intended to contain, often expressed in Latin and sometimes with a superb disregard of grammar. For instance: '*Sum ire domi minore tempore quam hebdomada. Huzza. Utinam irem domi cras.*' One note of this nature scrawled on the cover of a copy book may be quoted, because with the clinging to the past that was so marked a characteristic of his he returned to it time after time during his life and made additions, until it has become an epitomized autobiography.

John Newman wrote this just before he was going up to Greek on Tuesday, June 10th, 1812, when it only wanted 3 days to his going home, thinking of the time at home when looking at this he shall recollect when he did it.

At School now back again.

And now at Alton where he never expected to be, being lately come for the Vacation from Oxford where he dared not hope to be — how quick time passes and how ignorant are we of futurity. April 8th, 1819, Thursday.

And now at Oxford, but with far different feelings — let the date speak — Friday, Feb. 16th, 1821.

And now in my rooms at Oriel College, a Tutor, a Parish Priest and Fellow, having suffered much slowly advancing to what is good and holy, and led on by God's hand blindly not knowing whither He is taking me. Even so, O Lord. Sept. 7, 1829, Monday morning, ¼ past 10.

And now a Catholic at Maryvale and expecting soon to set out for Rome. May 29, 1846.

And now a Priest and Father of the Oratory, having just received the degree of Doctor from the Holy Father. Sept. 23rd, 1850.

And now a Cardinal. March 2, 1884.

Newman was certainly alive to the significance of the moment that passes even in face of the eternity that abides.

But these later entries of Newman's have led us far from the subject of this article, and it is time that we return once more to his early schooldays. At the beginning of 1810 his mother presented him with a pocket diary, in which he wrote: 'J. Newman, presented to him by his kind Mama. A.D. 1810.' This gift led him to keep a record, very brief, of the salient events of his daily life at school, interspersed with occasional attempts at verse, moral maxims, and jottings of a like nature. This custom he adhered to for four years, but only extracts, made by himself at a later date, now remain. They are of interest because they enable us to trace his progress in his studies. 'As a child he was of a studious turn and of a quick apprehension, and Dr. Nicholas, to whom he became greatly attached, was accustomed to say that no boy had run through the school, from the bottom to the top, as rapidly as John Newman.' He was the reverse of athletic, and as the games were neither organized nor compulsory he shirked all forms of active exercise; the only form of relaxation recorded in his diary during term-time was an occasional walk.

He early essayed the art of composition. 'In the year 1812,' he wrote later, 'I think I wrote a mock drama of some kind; also — whether included in it or not, I cannot recollect — a satire on the Prince Regent. And at one time a dramatic piece in which Augustus came in.' On May 25, 1810, he began Greek, and simultaneously was promoted to Ovid. His first Greek reader was a selection from *Æsop's Fables*, prepared for the use of the lower forms at Eton, which he began in the autumn of 1811,

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and finished on April 13, 1812. Meanwhile he had been reading Vergil, commenced on November 16, 1810, and from February 11, 1811, doing Latin verse. On May 25, 1812, he began Homer, and a year later Herodotus. This was something of an achievement for a boy between the ages of ten and twelve, especially when, to judge from his Diary, Latin themes and verse compositions occupied much of his time, not to mention music and other subjects. Evidently boys were forced then more than they are now, and the hours of work a day were considerably longer.

Newman won his first prize in 1811. It was for speaking, and the book given him was Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. On the flyleaf of this he wrote: 'We were allowed to choose our prizes for speaking. I chose this. My second choice was Denon's *Travels*, and it was long before an English abridgment of the book could be found, such as was reasonable in price. Afterward I chose Milton. Afterward Cowper's *Homer*.' In his Diary, under the date May 29, 1812, he marks his disappointment by the entry: 'Could not have Denon's *Travels* — therefore had Bruce's.' But eventually he did receive an English unabridged translation of Denon in two octavo volumes, in which he afterward wrote: 'When I was a boy I chose Denon's *Travels* for a prize which was to be given to me at school, not knowing it was a large work. I was obliged to put up with this.' But did he, a boy of eleven, expect to receive Denon's *Voyage dans la basse et la haute Egypte*, which was originally published in two folio volumes with numerous plates? If not, why should he have spoken so disparagingly of the English translation, which professed to be complete? It is interesting to observe *en passant* that these prizes of his remained in the publisher's binding and were not bound in the orthodox tree-calf.

The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, lived within walking distance of the school and took great interest in it. He used to be present on the great day of the year — Speech Day. It was literally a speech day, and the boys were put up to recite passages of prose and verse, in Latin, Greek, and French. The programme which the long-suffering parents had to face was a formidable one, and seems usually to have contained twenty items. Once at least the monotony was broken — or varied — by a mock debate, which purported to have taken place in Parliament in 1734. On one occasion Newman did not fulfill the hopes entertained of him, because his voice was beginning to break, but the Duke swept aside the Headmaster's well-meant apology with the kindly compliment, 'But the action was so good.' These speeches were delivered in the morning of the third of the 'grand nights.' In the evenings a play of Terence was acted. Newman was given a part for the first time in 1813. The play was the *Phormio*, and he took the part of Hegio. The incidents leading up to his first appearance can be traced in the Diary: —

Aug. 10. Had a part in the play given me.
Sept. 12. Scenes put up.
15. Rehearsal in dresses.
18. Rehearsal in dresses.
21. Rehearsal before boys.
22. Do. do.
23. First Grand Night.
24. Second.
25. Speeches in morning (play in evening).

In 1814 he took the part of Pythias in the *Eunuchus*, in 1815 of Syrus in the *Adelphi*, and in 1816 of Davus in the *Andria*. Apparently the grand nights took place alternately in June and September. In 1820, when he was in his third year at Oxford, the *Andria*

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was performed, and he, with much diffidence, contributed the Prologue. The writing of Latin verse had been a regular part of his school work, but in his covering letter to Dr. Nicholas he apologized for using hexameters, because he 'could not make anything of long and shorts.' At Ealing he had mostly been confined to elegiacs, and this was the first copy of heroics he had attempted since leaving school. Moreover, his Finch examination was approaching, and mathematics, 'a science perhaps not the most favorable to the composition of verse,' claimed his time, as examinations at Oxford were comprehensive and less specialized than they became later.

His subject he did not find inspiring, for, electing to ignore the performance which followed, he confined himself to panegyrics of George III and the Duke of Kent, both recently dead, and subsequently added a few lines of greeting to George IV on his accession. He failed to write to his own satisfaction a passage that would serve as a transition to the play, and the four final lines in different handwriting are probably the work of Dr. Nicholas, who revised and in some details corrected the whole composition. These experiences of his schooldays explain how it came about that at his own foundation in Edgbaston he — in conjunction with Father Ambrose St. John, who himself came from Westminster, where the Latin play was an institution — revived, and showed the greatest interest in, the performance of Plautus and Terence.

Many years later Newman wrote a note on the *cacœthes scribendi* which seized him when he was fourteen and found vent in a manner normal to the literary schoolboy — the publication of manuscript periodicals. The one noticeable fact about these ventures of his is that they lasted for so long a time. At one period, for instance, he edited two opposing papers, the *Spy* and the *Anti-Spy*, which ran to thirty and twenty-seven numbers respectively. In this he was probably assisted by a club of senior boys, called 'The Spies.' At least he has preserved a caricature, drawn by 'our enemy Daniel' and entitled 'The Monitorial Spies,' in which Newman appears as Sophocles reading a paper called *The Spy*. When they expired, he projected the *Reformer* and the *Inspector*, but they came to nothing.

The Spy Club next turned its attention to the issue of the *Portfolio*, the name being given by G. Adams, the eldest son of the American Minister at the British Court, who lived at Ealing and had three sons at the school. The second, years later, returned to England as American Minister. Mr. Adams himself contributed to the *Portfolio*, and Newman preserved some verses of his called 'The Grasshopper and the Ant.' The *Portfolio* was in turn succeeded by the *Beholder*, which was the longest-lived of them all. Newman considered it the best of all his school efforts, but very little of it has been preserved. A pastoral, in which he himself appears as Tityrus and a boy named Thresher as Melibœus, deserves quotation. He was only fifteen, it must be remembered, when he wrote it.

SCENE — *Playground*

TITYRUS. Here as we sit and view the boys at play
Rejoicing in their sunbright holiday,
While some at fives attack the patient wall
And others glory in the bat and ball,
Be our employ in philosophic ease
Calmly to eat the scanty bread and cheese,
Which black-eyed Johnson o' the untidy cap
Cuts off for twopence to each hungry chap,
And, to beguile away the ling'ring time,

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To choose some subject, gay or grave, for rhyme.

MELIBŒUS. Oh, who can sing without a theme for song?

TITYRUS. And who can choose so many themes among?
To fix our wandering Muse, we will engage
To sing of Terence and his attic page.

MELIBŒUS. Worthy the subject! For we have essayed
To act the classic plays the Afric made;
And we've beheld you with your altered mien
The Pythias, Syrus, Davus of the scene —
And I've attempted Mitio's gentle air,
And Simo's anger at his spendthrift heir.

TITYRUS. Sweet is the notice that proclaims that all
May lie in bed until a later call;
Sweet is December's first, or first of June,
That shows the holidays are coming soon;
Sweet is the hour which hails th' incipient rule
Of the new captain of our numerous school;
But far more dear the glad auspicious day
The Doctor tells us we may have a Play.

MELIBŒUS. Grievous the quarter bell which makes us rise,
And don our clothes and wash our face and eyes,
Grievous the day when back to school we go
And leave our home with ling'ring steps and slow;
Grievous the time when with relentless weight
The birch descends, stern minister of fate;
But far more grievous is the burdened hour
That says with savage joy 'the play is o'er.'

TITYRUS. Oh, say! In future days, what fate's decreed
For you and me and all who skim these mead?
Behold the mind intuitively soar
And long to scan the various scenes in store;
The thought would wear us out with groundless hope
And mad impatience if we gave it scope.

MELIBŒUS. Heighday! What quick transition have you made!
How long has moralizing been your trade?
Thus ends our verse, so let the doggrel die
As it began—without a reason why!

But there was another aspect of Newman's life at school, without some reference to which this account would be incomplete. His religious upbringing had been nebulous and indefinite; he learned his catechism and read the Bible, but he had 'no formed religious convictions' until he was fifteen. The decisive change that occurred then was due to the influence of the Reverend Walter Mayers, a graduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, but a man of no great intellectual attainments, or, at least, without any university distinctions. He had joined the staff of the school as a classical master in December 1814, but his educational work he regarded as a sad necessity, and he deplored the time devoted to tuition as 'injurious to his spiritual state and no less prejudicial to his ministerial usefulness.'

Toward the end of Newman's schooldays chance brought the master of twenty-six and the boy of fifteen into intimate association with each other, for the latter remained at school after his friends had left. The result of this intimacy was that Newman passed through the spiritual crisis which he called conversion, and emerged a definite Evangelical. On the last day of 1816, just after Newman's matriculation, Mayers presented him, as a parting gift, with a copy of Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*, 'as a token of affectionate regard,' and in the letter which accompanied the gift referred to the many conversations they had had on

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religious matters. Almost sixty years later (October 14, 1874) Newman wrote on the flyleaf of this gift book: —

This work is not mentioned in my *Apologia* because I am speaking there of the formation of my doctrinal opinions and I do not think that they were influenced by it. I had fully and eagerly taken up Calvinism into my religion before it came into my hands. But no book was more dear to me or exercised a more powerful influence over my devotion and my habitual thoughts. In my private memoranda I even wrote in its style.

In fact, at sixteen he was composing what he calls 'quasi-sermons' in the style of Beveridge. Of them only the texts remain, but they suffice to show that the problems of sin and its punishment, of ascetic practices as a safeguard, of the mysteriousness of our being, of the nothingness of man in the face of the immensity of God, on which his mind lingered in later years, were also the theme of his youthful thoughts.

These notes on Newman's school-days may appear disconnected, disjointed, and scrappy, but they bring out certain points of interest, passed over as unimportant by his biographers, whose attention is fixed rather on the grown man and his position in the world of thought than upon the immature boy, groping his way through adolescence to the fullness of manhood. They enable us to form a mental picture of the youth who presented himself at Trinity in June 1817, somewhat solitary and apart, as always at school, but feeling intensely the pangs of loneliness amid new scenes and with strange companions, a good classic and a competent mathematician, anxious not to lose a moment of time before settling down to further studies, more eager to obtain information than his tutors were to impart it, and inclined to be scandalized at the social side of university life.

WIRELESS WIRE-PULLING[1]

BY LORD BIRKENHEAD

[So long as the present British Cabinet remains in office, Lord Birkenhead is not likely to do much more writing. For some time there has been a chorus of criticism in Parliament, directed against members of the Cabinet who write for the press, especially on current questions, and the present Government has pledged itself to abstain from journalism while in office.

In answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin said: 'I have discussed this matter very fully with Lord Birkenhead. He is under a contract to complete certain historical articles in monthly magazines, to the completion of which I think no objection can, in the circumstances, be taken. My noble friend has most readily fallen in with my desire that he should make no further contributions to journalism. The rule, therefore, may hereafter be taken to be established that Ministers during their period of office will observe this same practice.']

I DO not intend to write a history of the Marconi controversy that embittered

[1] From the *London Magazine* (popular monthly), *April*

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politics during the course of 1912 and 1913, but only to tell the story of the prosecution of Mr. Cecil Chesterton for publishing criminal libels on Mr. Godfrey Isaacs in the course of attacks which the defendant was making upon the contract for the Imperial Wireless Chain made by the Postmaster-General with the Marconi Company in 1912.

I must, however, sketch the outline of the main events so that the way in which the mass of erroneous deductions and inferences from mere coincidences came into being can be understood. This outline may, however, serve to clarify ideas on the political controversy, of which echoes are still occasionally heard.

Signor Marconi is still comparatively young, a fact which enables us to realize how rapidly wireless has developed, for he was well known in electrical research before he began wireless experiments. Like most useful inventions, wireless telegraphy passed through many stages between the time when it was a laboratory toy and that when it became a business proposition. By 1897 sufficient advance had been made to justify forming a company, and contracts were made with the Government in 1903 and 1909. By the latter date the invention was chiefly used for communications between ship and ship, or ship and shore, besides being used over comparatively short distances on land. It may be remembered that the apprehension of Dr. Crippen in 1910 was due to the fact that the S. S. Montrose, on which he was sailing for Quebec, was fitted with wireless, then a somewhat unusual circumstance.

By 1910 further progress was made, and it became feasible to communicate across oceans. In this year Signor Marconi found that the business had so expanded that it interfered with his scientific work, and he ceased to be managing director. He was succeeded by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, a brother of Lord Reading, then famous as Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K. C.

In the same year the Marconi Company applied to the Government for a license to erect a chain of wireless stations such as to enable them to send messages round the world. It was entering the field as a competitor of the cable companies. The proposal being to erect these stations in lands situated within the British Dominions, a license was necessary before the scheme could be put in hand.

Such applications were, as a matter of course, referred to the Cable Landing Rights Committee. This was a standing body presided over by the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, and its members consisted of representatives of the Admiralty, War Office, Foreign Office, Colonial Office, India Office, Post Office, and the Treasury. Its duty was to examine and report upon any such application from all points of view — imperial, strategical, technical, commercial, and financial. Its origin was naturally to examine the applications of cable companies, but when this application was made in respect of a wireless system — a completely novel project — the Committee was, by its nature and functions, competent to deal with the matter.

This Committee ultimately reported that such a chain was feasible and necessary, but that it was not in the public interest to allow it to be in private hands. It was too vitally important to allow the Marconi or any other company to control such a service.

About the same time Sir Joseph Ward, then Prime Minister of New Zealand, had carried a motion at the Imperial Conference in favor of such a scheme. The preparation of an actual proposal was referred to the Committee of Imperial Defense, which delegated

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the preliminary inquiry to a subcommittee of experts. By June 1911 these bodies had decided that the matter should be taken in hand as a matter of urgent public importance, and the execution of the project was entrusted to the Post Office.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, — now Sir Herbert Samuel, the Governor of Palestine, — who had just become Postmaster-General, formed a third committee, known as 'The Imperial Wireless Committee,' from the various Government Departments concerned. This Committee decided after much discussion that the equipping of the stations should be put out to contract, and that the Marconi system should be adopted. They had considered the rival systems, of which there were several, and had rejected them. The Marconi system alone had given practical demonstrations over the required distances, and the company alone had the necessary experience. Naturally the companies which owned and were developing the other systems were disappointed, for the obtaining of such a contract was an unmistakable testimony to the preëminence of the system which had been selected.

In December, 1911, negotiations were opened with the Marconi Company. Mr. Samuel represented the State, and was aided by the assistance and advice of experts from a number of Government Departments. There were in the service of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Post Office, a number of experts who had great practical experience of wireless telegraphy, and a competent knowledge of all the rival systems. The company was represented by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and his staff. It was during these negotiations that Mr. Samuel first met Mr. Isaacs, and they had no private intercourse at all. Mr. Rufus Isaacs had become a Law Officer and been knighted, but took no part in the negotiations, of which indeed he was entirely unaware. It is no part of the work of a Law Officer to take part in such matters.

Eventually, after hard bargaining, terms were arranged, and the company sent in a tender which was accepted on March 7, 1912. Shortly, the scheme was that the Government should build, and the company should equip, six stations at a cost of £60,000 for equipping each station. The company was to give the Government licenses for all existing and future patents, and their advice and assistance; and to receive during the terms of the contract a royalty of ten per cent. The contract was to run for twenty-eight years, with a 'break clause' at eighteen years, and the royalties were to cease if the Postmaster-General decided at any time to discontinue the use of the Marconi system.

Mr. Isaacs had in vain tried to secure that the 'break clause' should be kept secret. The day after the acceptance of the tender he issued a circular to the shareholders on March 8 announcing that the tender had been accepted, but did not mention this provision. A great deal was afterward made of this omission.

It must be borne in mind that the company had two master patents, one expiring in 1914, and the other in 1918, unless renewed. There were, however, many subsidiary patents which were being constantly added to.

The next stage was to draft the contract, and this was left to the legal and technical advisers. Many points arose on the draft, and these were considered and settled in the same way as the questions which had arisen in the first negotiations. The contract was finally agreed and signed on July 19, 1912, and on the same day placed on the table of the House of Commons. No such contract can be made without the sanction

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of the Commons, and this necessarily involves the publication of the terms before any motion for such sanction is debated.

The fact that it had been decided to negotiate only with the Marconi Company was of course well known, and after the acceptance of the tender the general lines of the terms agreed were made public, but until the contract was actually signed the actual terms remained a secret, so that until the contract was laid on the table informed criticism was impossible.

Before dealing with the course of events in the House of Commons, it is necessary to go back and explain some other vital factors in the agitation.

The company had by this date become a dividend-paying concern. The first declaration was in July 1910, and by 1912 all preference arrears had been paid and 20 per cent was being paid on the ordinary shares. Of course, none of these profits were due to the Wireless Chain contract, which still awaited confirmation.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, on assuming the managing directorship of the company, had taken vigorous steps in England and America to restrain infringements of the company's patents, and immediately the tender was accepted he sailed for America to fight the actions there, and accordingly took no part in settling the draft of the contract. He was accompanied by Signor Marconi and other experts and a member of the Stock Exchange, who had managed the issues of the company's shares.

Not only were the actions successful, but important business arrangements were made with American cable, telegraph, and telephone companies, which made it necessary to reorganize the American Marconi Company. The English company was a large shareholder in the American company and therefore directly interested in its profits, but the latter had no interest whatever in the English company, and could not benefit, except in prestige, from the contract with the Post Office. This fact is of the greatest importance.

The Titanic disaster had excited extraordinary interest in wireless telegraphy, so that the English company's prospects were very bright.

One thing that the English company was forced to do was to undertake to place the American company's additional capital — 1,400,000 shares at $5 each — rather over £1,500,000. The reason was that wireless finance in the States had been so shamelessly conducted by certain rival companies that the whole industry was under a cloud. It was therefore deemed impossible to place the shares in the States. Mr. Isaacs agreed to be responsible for 500,000, and while still in America placed 350,000 with the company's jobber.

On his return he offered some to his brothers. He thought that they were a good thing. Sir Rufus declined, but the other took 56,000 altogether, and persuaded Sir Rufus to take 10,000 of these off him. This transaction was not influenced by the contract, nor had it any influence upon it. The American company had nothing to do with the contract. Sir Rufus parted with 2000 to two of his colleagues in the Government, and some of the purchasers afterward bought more on the market.

The shares were introduced on the market with some apprehension, but at once a boom began, and prices soared. Both companies' shares went to high premiums, and with an excited market full of speculators the terms of the contract were published, and the proposal to confirm the contract came before the House.

Some members considered the terms unduly favorable to the company; and Mr. Samuel, though anxious to give

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effect to the decision that the matter was urgent, was forced to postpone consideration until after the Recess. Newspaper attacks began, and Mr. Chesterton made himself conspicuous by the articles published in the *Eye Witness* and the *New Witness*, which were weekly journals edited by him.

In some way the dealings in American Marconis by ministers had become known, and were confused with the English company and connected with the contract. By the time Parliament reassembled serious allegations were flying about, and there was nothing for it but an inquiry. A Special Committee was set up. The ratification was necessarily postponed, and one consequence of this was that the war found us without this urgently needed wireless chain.

The setting up of a committee did not silence Mr. Chesterton. The attacks continued. He had taken a decided stand against party politics and had evinced an aversion to the influence of Jews. He was entirely ignorant of the way in which Government contracts were negotiated and drawn; and being struck by the boom and convinced that the contract was a bad one for the nation, leaped to the conclusion that it must have been privately arranged between Mr. Samuel, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, so that the public treasury should be raided for the benefit of the Marconi Company.

Primarily he was attacking the Jews and their political and financial influence. However misguided, he was completely honest. The contract offered a popular theme, and almost without thinking Mr. Godfrey Isaacs was included in the diatribes, and to reinforce them the files of Somerset House were searched. It was found that Mr. Isaacs had in years gone by been concerned in a number of unsuccessful companies, — most of them were private ventures, — but Mr. Chesterton saw fit to call upon the Attorney-General to do his duty and set the law in motion against his brother.

Such attacks are usually ignored, and so were these for a time, but they were pressed in such a way as to amount to actual persecution. Wherever Mr. Isaacs went he was pursued by placards. Street vendors with copies of the journals and large posters were stationed outside his offices and other places where he was usually to be expected, and his life became unbearable. He took advice, and resolved to prosecute. Mr. Chesterton had acknowledged that he was responsible for the publication of these attacks. Leave was obtained to institute a prosecution. He was brought before a magistrate and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

The prosecution relied upon six charges of libel, contained in as many counts of the indictment. Five the defendant claimed were true, and their publication to the public interest. The sixth, he said, did not refer to Mr. Isaacs, and on this one count the jury upheld his contention. Once a person charged with libel justifies, the rôles are reversed. He becomes the accuser, and must establish the truth of his accusation or be found guilty.

The trial lasted ten days, from May 27 to June 7, 1913; Mr. Justice — now Lord — Phillimore, was the judge. Sir Edward — now Lord — Carson and I led the late Sir Richard Muir for the prosecution. Mr. Wild, K. C. — now Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder of London — and Mr. Rigby Swift, K. C. — now Mr. Justice Swift — led the late Mr. Purcell and Mr. Gordon Smith for the defense, which was conducted with ability and pertinacity.

All the prosecutor has to do is to show that the words were published by the defendant, that they are defama-

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tory and refer to him. It is usually prudent, however, for him to meet the justification in advance and allow himself and his witnesses to be cross-examined before the defendant is called on for his defense. This course was followed in this case.

We called evidence showing exactly how the negotiations were conducted, and thus made it plain how ludicrous was the ignorance that had inspired the attack. Mr. Samuel, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, and Signor Marconi were all called and cross-examined at great length.

The defense had assumed that a great point could be made if they could show that the defendant acted in good faith, but he was not charged under the section dealing with the more serious offense of publishing a malicious libel. The judge pointed out that it is no defense to libel to prove that the defendant honestly believed it. A man is only entitled to publish such allegations if they are true, and it is in the public interest that they should be published.

Then it was asserted that the politicians were the sole objects of the attacks on the contract. Certainly it was the main object, but even if it be laudable it only makes it worse to drag in the name of one who is not a politician.

Again it was suggested that there was no imputation on Mr. Isaacs over the contract, as he was entitled to do his best for the company, and drive as hard a bargain as he could. But then how explain the use of such words as 'corruption,' 'conspiracy,' 'abominable business,' 'hands in the till,' and other choice expressions which were put in the articles? They are not capable of such facile explanations.

When, however, the defense came to Mr. Isaacs' past record, they pressed the attack with vigor and venom. The allegations could not be explained away. They were either true or else foul libels. There was no alternative. I will not gratify the defendant's supporters by reviving these allegations. The evidence and the verdict are sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced reader that the attacks were as false as they were despicable.

In the event, the justification of the five counts failed miserably. The jury after listening carefully to the arguments put forward on defendant's behalf, and to an able and impartial summing up by the judge, convicted the defendant, and thus finally gave the lie to the campaign of abuse that had been leveled at the prosecutor.

The vindication of Mr. Isaacs was all that he desired. He was not vindictive.

In pronouncing sentence, Mr. Justice Phillimore stated that he had been troubled in his mind whether, in view of the methods adopted, he ought not to send the defendant to prison. The libels were due to ignorance and prejudice. However, as the attacks although wrong-headed were honestly believed in, he decided to let Mr. Chesterton off with a fine, but ordered him to pay all the costs of the prosecution.

The verdict of the jury thus put an end to the crusade against Mr. Godfrey Isaacs — a crusade due to ignorance and confusion of mind, aided by unreasoning prejudice. With regard to the ministers concerned I need only refer to the war for readers to realize how disastrous for the nation it would have been if they had been driven from public life as a result of what was termed the 'Marconi Scandal.'

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THE LONDON OF LILLIE LANGTRY[1]

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

THE historian of the early days of the late King Edward, and of London society as it then was, will have to count Mrs. Langtry as one of its most prominent and most significant figures. I lived, of course, through that time; and I happened to become acquainted with the marvelous story of her early days, especially on the stage, through my intimate friendship at that time with Labby and his wife, for they had some part — indeed the principal part — in launching her on her theatrical career.

Labby was a delightful chronicler of all the social movements and the outstanding personalities of his time; and though he wrote plenty about the whole panorama in his paper *Truth*, his comments in conversation were still more outspoken.

At that time of his life Labby and his wife occupied Pope's Villa in Twickenham — one of the most delightful Thames-side houses in London; and there every Sunday during the summer he used to gather together everybody that was anybody in London society. He used to be the host, among other people, of the future King, of Lord Rosebery, of everybody in short, especially in the worlds of politics and the theatre. Mrs. Labby still retained her interest in the dramatic profession, though she had — I think, unfortunately for the stage and probably for herself — abandoned it, perhaps because she had become the wife of a very rich man and a very prominent politician. And through both of them I heard all the inner history of one of the most curious dramas of London social life. Mrs. Labby gave me almost an incredible description of the immediate and devastating effects which the beauty of Lillie Langtry had upon men in every class. She told me that she had seen a waiter in a hotel tremble as he approached the great beauty to deliver her a message or a letter.

I did not make the acquaintance of Mrs. Langtry till some years afterward; indeed, the first time I ever met her personally — though, of course, I was familiar with her appearance almost from her first advent to London — was when I went to ask her to write a short sketch of her life for a journal of which I was then the editor. I found her very delightful, very simple, very modest in her appreciation of herself; just a frank, outspoken, and, if anything, deprecatory and typical English lady. If I tried to sum up the spirit of her conversation I should describe it as matter-of-fact, with no illusions about herself, and no sign whatever of that swelled head which minor triumphs of far less beautiful women are sometimes apt to produce.

Since then I meet her whenever I make a visit to Monte Carlo, where, as is known, she occupies a villa with a very pretty garden. Now and then I have seen her in the gambling-rooms — like myself, a mere looker-on; and, healthy and vigorous, she has a serene and philosophical ending to her dazzling youth.

And now I have before me the vol-

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *May* 30

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ume in which she tells her own story of her own life — and I find it quite a fascinating volume, and a very valuable human document for the future social historian. Mrs. Langtry's pen is nimble, often it is picturesque and dramatic, though it is never other than simple and unpretentious — the more effective for that reason. There is, too, that heartiness and joyousness which is the natural outcome — in spite of the intoxication of so many successes — of her wonderfully sane and level-headed temperament. For though she had a genius for intoxicating others, she never became intoxicated herself, even at her greatest hours.

She came of an historic Jersey family — the Le Bretons, who figure in many of the annals of the brave little island. She inherited beauty from both sides — her father, the Dean of the island, was a tall, very stately, very striking man. It was a little joke of the two of them to walk arm in arm in some town where Lillie was playing; this guild of Church and Stage was then a greater phenomenon than in these days.

Her mother was also very beautiful, but, unlike her husband, she was small of stature; had lovely blue eyes, and a bewitching smile — also a remarkable feature in her daughter. Finally, as to her family environment, Lillie was the only girl in a family of seven; it was one of the reasons why, tomboylike, she developed her muscles and laid the foundation of her wonderful health in trying to imitate her brothers in all their sports.

She was only fourteen when her first proposal of marriage came to her; it was from an officer in the garrison of the island. Then came Edward Langtry, a young Irishman with a modest fortune and a great love of yachting; they were quietly married one morning and went off in his yacht immediately afterward. Then she was laid low for some time with an attack of typhoid fever, and for some reason or other her doctor recommended her to go to London for her convalescence. That doctor little knew what a fateful recommendation he had given, and just as little did London realize on that murky morning when the young couple arrived at Waterloo that it was receiving into its ample bosom one of the great forces that were to be among its rulers.

The young people had not much money — even the beautiful bride had only one dress for going out, and that was a very simple and inexpensive one; they had few, if any, acquaintances. Like so many of the strangers who enter the golden portals of London, — myself included, — they could find no better way to occupy their time than in walking through the parks — very beautiful, but a little lonesome and depressing to the stranger who has neither friends nor money. And then — hey, presto! there came just one of those little accidents that influence a lifetime.

One night when they were visiting the Aquarium, then a great resort, they encountered Lord Ranelagh, who was for a long time one of the very prominent figures of London life. Lord Ranelagh had met the Lily in Jersey, and the memory was pleasant on both sides. So, guessing her forlorn position, the good-natured old man gave the young couple an invitation to a reception at Lady Sebright's for the following Sunday. And so it all started.

This is the extraordinary thing that happened. I give the story in Mrs. Langtry's own words. I heard it from many quarters immediately afterward. Her words confirm in every particular the astounding event. The story is told very well because very simply: —

> The evening came, and we rattled up to Lady Sebright's house in Lowndes Square in a humble four-wheeler. Being in deep mourning (her youngest brother had died

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shortly before), I wore a very simple black, square-cut gown, designed by my Jersey modiste, with no jewels — I had none — or ornaments of any kind, and with my hair twisted carelessly on the nape of my neck in a knot, which later became known as the 'Langtry.'

Very meekly I glided into the drawing-room, which was filled with a typical London crush, was presented to my hostess, and then retired shyly to a chair in a remote corner, feeling very un-smart and countrified. Fancy my surprise when I immediately became the centre of attraction; and after a few moments I found that quite half the people in the room seemed bent on making my acquaintance. One distinguished person after another was led up to my corner by my hostess, they in turn bringing others, till my shyness and confusion gave way to utter astonishment.

One of the first to be introduced was John Everett Millais, the most eminent English painter of the day. He was a native of Jersey, and he 'beamed in friendly enthusiasm' when he claimed Mrs. Langtry as his countrywoman.

Among other notabilities whom she met on that memorable occasion, and who afterward became her firm friends, were James McNeill Whistler, who had 'wonderful speaking hands'; Henry Irving, approaching the zenith of his fame, his star blazing brilliantly at the Lyceum; Lord Wharncliffe, made rich by finding coal on his Sheffield property and wisely spending the surplus on an art collection; Abraham Hayward, the well-known essayist; Frank Miles, the artist; and William Yardley, an amateur actor and leading cricketer of the day. Mrs. Langtry thus describes what followed: —

There was a rush of cavaliers to take me down to supper, but Millais won the day, of which I was glad, for I was fearfully shy, and his gay assumption of kinsmanship made me feel more at ease with him than with others I had met that evening. He asked me to sit to him, and his compelling personality made me readily consent that he should be the first painter to reproduce on canvas what he called the 'classic features' of his countrywoman. And so ended my first night in London society.

Invitations to receptions and balls were now so numerous that Mrs. Langtry and her husband were obliged to attend two or three of an evening to keep their engagements; and whatever her husband may have said and felt, she absolutely reveled in the novelty of it all. They received an invitation to Devonshire House, and this is how Mrs. Langtry writes of their experience: —

Devonshire House, with its renowned marble staircase, was certainly one of the most attractive. We went to one of the Marquis of Hartington's political receptions there. On our arrival he left his place at the head of the stairs and conducted me round the magnificent rooms, pointing out a few treasures, and, on my admiring the lovely colored water-lilies reposing in marble pools, he drenched his clothes pulling them out as an offering, as also the gorgeous liveries of the footmen, into whose arms he flung them, and who strewed our brougham with such quantities of the dripping blossoms as to make the latter conveyance rather moister than was convenient; but I think 'Harty-Tarty,' as he was called, did nothing by halves.

At these various gatherings Mrs. Langtry met practically all the well-born and well-known men and women of the day, and through all the long procession of operas, dinners, and balls she wore, extraordinary as it may sound, her one black evening gown.

Still, the meagreness of her wardrobe did not seem to be noticed by others, and it certainly was not realized by herself. But it had an inglorious end. Mrs. Langtry tells its fate: —

One day Mrs. Cornwallis-West rushed into my drawing-room in a fever of excitement. She had come up from Ruthyn Castle, her husband's country place in Wales, without an evening dress, and suddenly she wished to attend the opera. She

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implored me to lend her my well-known garment. She not only wore it to the opera, but went on to a ball afterward, danced all night, and the next day my maid, with a beaming face, exhibited the gown to me practically in rags. Then it became imperative to think of a new one.

About this time photography was making great strides, and pictures of well-known people had begun to be exhibited for sale. Nearly every photographer in London besought Mrs. Langtry to sit. Presently her portraits were in every window — with trying results, for they made the public so familiar with her features that wherever she went she was mobbed. At a large reception at Lady Jersey's many of the guests stood on chairs to obtain a better view of her.

One morning she twisted a piece of black velvet into a toque, stuck a quill through it, and went to Sandown Park. A few days later this turban appeared in every milliner's window, labeled 'The Langtry Hat.' Langtry shoes, which are still worn, were launched; and so on, and so on. The public curiosity to get even a glimpse of her was shown in many ways. These are some of them: —

If I went for a stroll in the Park and stopped a moment to admire the flowers, people ran after me in droves, staring me out of countenance, and even lifting my sunshade to satisfy fully their curiosity. To venture out for a little shopping was positively hazardous, for, the instant I entered an establishment to make a purchase, the news that I was within spread with the proverbial rapidity of wildfire, and the crowd about the door grew so dense that departure by the legitimate exit was rendered impossible.

The lionizing went on. A great part of her time was taken up in giving sittings to the greatest artists of the day. She was photographed times without number, but all the photographs of the 'Jersey Lily' that appeared in the shop windows were not genuine. She was entertained, admired, worshiped, by men and women of all ranks, and from the time she met the Prince of Wales at a supper given by his old friend Sir Allen Young, the Arctic explorer, she became more eagerly sought after in society than ever. There were many stories current about her in high society, but she rarely thinks it worth while to defend herself against silly gossip. To one piece of fiction, however, she gives its quietus: —

A weird story has pursued me through life to the effect that I once, at a supper party in those days, so far forgot my manners as to drop a piece of ice down the Prince of Wales's back. The tale has become so generally believed that I may be excused not only for alluding to it and emphatically denying it *in toto*, but for relating at the same time the true story of the incident which gave rise to this silly false one.

One of the most admired women at the time was at a ball. It was the small hours, and her waiting husband was getting bored. He hunted for his wife and found her, very wide awake, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, thoroughly enjoying herself. His suggestion that they should go home was, therefore, not received with enthusiasm. As he persisted, and waxed rather warm in argument, she, when his back was turned, deftly popped a spoonful of strawberry ice down his spine to settle the question.

This defiance of marital authority was seen by many, and later became the foundation for the vulgar fabrication which I have seen in print over and over again, and in which, I repeat, there is not a grain of truth.

I am glad to read this contradiction: I have been listening to the other and false story for years.

Meantime, however, there was to all this splendid façade, all this extraordinary triumph, the background of shabby gentility. Mr. Langtry's small resources were gradually exhausted; bills and duns became hourly visitants,

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and in the end there was nothing for it but to give up the house and sell the furniture; and all London appeared there to pick up some of the artistic ornaments of the beauty's house. Mrs. Langtry was in desperate case, and then it was that there came to her a strange visitor who was about to give her the answer to the always terrible question — especially to a woman without any special training — how to make a living. The visitor was Mrs. Labouchere. I do not know all the reasons that induced Mrs. Labouchere to take an interest in Mrs. Langtry; they were, I have no doubt, mixed. Mrs. Labouchere probably calculated that by taking up a lady who was the favorite of royalties as well as of the most aristocratic society she might do something for herself.

There was, however, another motive. Mrs. Labouchere, as Henrietta Hodson, had had a distinguished career as an actress. I saw her myself on the stage several times when Labby, afterward to be her husband, was engaged in the dangerous financial risk of keeping a theatre going for her special benefit — it has long since disappeared, but at that time it was known as the Queen's Theatre, and it was in Long Acre.

Mrs. Labouchere really, to the end of her days, had unmistakable dramatic talent; I have seen her do things in her own drawing-room at Pope's Villa which were highly artistic and screamingly funny. I have often thought it was a misfortune for her as well as for Labby that they ever came together, and that she was seduced by the prospect of a life of ease and luxury which she might obtain as the wife of a rich and prominent man, instead of sticking to the profession in which she would be independent and manifesting her great gifts. However, she took some consolation in trying to train others for the profession she had abandoned; and she was extremely anxious to be the fairy godmother to Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry received a proposal that she should take part in some amateur theatricals for the benefit of a charity in Twickenham, where the Labouchères lived; but this proposal she refused. Mrs. Labouchere, as those who remember her will know, was a dominating personality; and the result of it was that she overbore Mrs. Langtry's scruples and got her consent to 'try.' Two days later she found herself the guest of the Labouchères at their picturesque, historic villa.

Rehearsals began immediately, and continued incessantly, and though the right inflection of words was a constant worry to Mrs. Langtry, at the end she was pronounced 'most promising' by Mrs. Labouchere. The evening came, and their little play, *A Fair Encounter*, opened the ball, Mrs. Langtry leading off in the character of Lady Clara. This is what happened, in Mrs. Langtry's own words: —

> Unluckily every criticism of both my host and hostess flitted through my brain, so it is not surprising that, when I found myself on the diminutive stage, my mind became a blank. Alas, not a word of the opening soliloquy could I remember! There I stood, a forced smile on my lips and a bunch of roses in my arms, without the vestige of an idea of what was to happen next.

However, with the aid of prompting from her coach she recovered her wits and her words, and the 'encounter' proceeded to a languid finish without further incident. She felt truly thankful when the curtain fell, and then and there resolved never again to tempt Fate on the stage.

But she reckoned without Mrs. Labouchere. Shortly afterward she again found herself hard at work, tramping Pope's poetic lawn — for it

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was summer, and the wise Henrietta loved fresh air — in an endeavor to acquire the stage business and demeanor of Kate Hardcastle, the heroine of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

They rehearsed for weeks, until Labby sententiously observed that a flock of sheep could not have played more havoc with his lawn.

During the arduous days at Pope's Villa Mrs. Labouchere had not vouchsafed the smallest information as to her purpose, but she was evidently laying her plans; and one day she announced that Mrs. Langtry was to play Kate Hardcastle at a matinée for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund at the Haymarket Theatre, and that most of the leading dramatic stars in London were to support her. By this time Mrs. Langtry knew it was useless to protest, and she resigned herself to what seemed to her 'a brazen experiment.' When, in due course, she found herself on the stage of the old Haymarket for the first rehearsal, surrounded by a bevy of celebrated actors and actresses, she nearly collapsed. She would have given anything, she says, to cut and run; but Mrs. Labby was tenacious and obstinate. Success, however, in the shape of a large and distinguished audience, was assured.

There was a great rush to book seats. Crowds waited for many hours outside the theatre for the opening time, after which the inside soon became packed with the rank and file of London. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal Box, and in the opposite one sat the Duchess of Manchester and a large party.

Mrs. Langtry had not yet learned that most necessary accomplishment which only comes by practice — the habit of looking into the auditorium without seeing the audience; and the sight of all the familiar smiling faces in front considerably disconcerted her. However, she was so intent on pleasing Mrs. Labouchere that she forgot everything else, and it was doubtless that feeling which carried her through that afternoon's performance creditably and without stage fright.

Happily everything went without a hitch; countless bouquets were thrown at her, and the whole thing seemed like a dream to her when it was all over.

Success or failure in this performance was to decide whether she should or should not adopt the stage as a profession. It was immediately assumed that the die was cast, and speculations were already afloat as to the next part she would play. What contributed greatly to her success and enabled her to give full effect to every telling point was her voice, with which, clear and silvery, and aided by a singularly distinct articulation, she reached without an effort every corner of the house.

I have not space to go through all the vicissitudes of Mrs. Langtry in her very varied theatrical career. The greater, or certainly the most successful part of it, was in America. I must repeat from her book the details of a story which I heard many times from Mrs. Labouchere, and which is a very illuminating glimpse into that inner character of courage and self-confidence which has brought her to the serene and sane maturity that she now enjoys in her retreat in Monte Carlo.

She had been engaged to appear, at what to her was a fabulous salary, at the Park Theatre, New York, then under the management of Henry Abbey, the once well-known, coruscating, and finally eclipsed theatrical manager of another generation. Mrs. Langtry's reception was immediately triumphant. As she puts it: 'My first glance at New York was a pleasant surprise. . . . Many people in carriages, perhaps recognizing me from

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my photographs, turned and followed, and I was mildly mobbed.'

Meantime, the opening night at the theatre was to follow within a few days of her arrival, and the intervening time was occupied with rehearsals; and this is what happened within a few hours of her first appearance: —

I left the theatre and returned to the hotel about five o'clock on the important day with the comfortable feeling that all was in complete readiness. Perhaps half an hour later, Pierre Lorillard, whom I had known in England, rushed unannounced into our parlor, excitedly exclaiming, 'I am afraid the Park Theatre is on fire!' Sure enough it was, and from my window I could see the building, on which all my hopes were centred, with flames bursting through the roof.

A great crowd filled Broadway, their attention divided between me and the blazing pile, the light from which illuminated the whole of Madison Square. The only thing that seemed likely to escape the flames was a large board on iron standards high above the roof, with my name, 'Mrs. Langtry' upon it. I stood intently watching that sign, with a fixed feeling that my fate depended upon its escape from destruction. 'If it stands, I shall succeed!' I cried. 'And,' as it toppled, 'if it burns, I will succeed without it.' *But it stood.*

This is how Mrs. Langtry tells the story; Mrs. Labouchere, who often repeated it, gave a somewhat different version. It will be seen that Mrs. Langtry pitted her success on the question whether her name would stand the test; as Mrs. Labouchere told the story Mrs. Langtry said something more positive and more self-revealing, for the saying attributed to her was: 'Whether it burns or not, I shall succeed!'

Finally, there is a delicious little side-light on feminine friendships in the casual statement: 'Soon after my arrival in New York Mrs. Labouchere had somewhat peevishly returned to England.'

Here I must stop, though I had marked several other passages for quotation. I must repeat the words with which I started, that, apart from its personal interest, the book is a valuable chronicle of a generation which has almost entirely disappeared. In addition, of course, it is a wonderful story of a truly wonderful career. It has many portraits, including one of Gladstone, which are valuable helps toward building up the characteristics of the men that once ruled the political and social life of England. There is a certain ghostliness in passing through the gallery of these long dead celebrities, which is relieved only by the few poignant hints by which the portrait is made plain.

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AN EARTHEN VESSEL

BY W. H. HAMILTON

[*London Mercury*]

WHEN I was twenty-seven
  I'd mirthfully relate
How all the good chaps get to Heaven
  Before they're thirty-eight,
And with a shrug the jest I'd give
'We've only ten years more to live!'

Now though the years of Burns,
  Byron, and Synge are mine,
I've nothing sung and spring returns
  When I'll be thirty-nine:
And curse the priggish jape I spun
And wish my futile chain undone.

For, oh, the best are down
  To-day at twenty-three.
On bloody fields they found their crown
  In reckless chivalry.
Their generation swept us by,
And old, too old, at forty I.

Where they poured life like wine
  I spoonful'd mine as paste;
This unbroke spikenard vase of mine
  Condemns me of its waste.
Oh, that one mad courageous mile
Could make my pilgrimage worth while.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DRAMATISTS IN ITALY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO has met with such great success in Europe and America that he almost completely overshadows numerous other Italian dramatists, some of whom are of great ability and genuine importance. Before the war, Italian drama consisted chiefly of bourgeois comedies modeled after the French and written by such dramatists as Giacosa and Praga. Ibsen still had disciples in Butti and Bracco; and the great Sicilian novelist and playwright, Giovanni Verga, was doing work quite his own. Since the war the Italian stage has turned in another direction and is producing the plays of men like Pirandello, Rosso di San Secondo, and Luigi Chiarelli.

Rosso di San Secondo is a Sicilian, like Pirandello and Verga. Like Pirandello he is a dramatist in search of subtleties, caring little whether they are sentimental or metaphysical, if they be but subtle. Hence his work has much of the bizarre originality and paradoxical quality that marks Pirandello. San Secondo is not yet forty, and may yet do remarkable things if he can but bridle the vein of his own fantasy. Critics regard his *Marionette che passione* as his most effective play so far.

Chiarelli is halfway between old and new. His plays are something like the old conventional drama and yet possess the grotesque philosophical touch that Pirandello loves. *The Mask and the Face* has already been presented in London and is sometimes regarded as his chief bid for immortality so far.

Meantime translation goes merrily on. The Italians are rather tired of Ibsen, and Shakespeare is not having many productions. But the Russians — Andreev, Chekhov, Artsibashev — and dramatists less known are being produced. Among the modern Frenchmen Vildrac has been produced, and Paul Claudel, who has at least been translated, has some prospects of similar honor, while it is said that Jules Romains, whose *Knock* is one of the most brilliant of recent French farces and has been done into English by Granville Barker, is likely to reach the Italian stage before long. Barrie is slowly finding his way to Italy, — though one shudders to think what he must be like in translation, — but such writers as Galsworthy, Drinkwater, and Granville Barker are scarcely even known. Yeats and Synge, though translated, are almost never produced.

Bernard Shaw alone among British playwrights finds a large audience here as everywhere, having been introduced to Italian theatregoers by the famous actress Emma Grammatica, who has blazed a trail which other actresses, more inclined to innovation than their masculine colleagues, speedily followed. Mr. Shaw will be sure to find in this confirmation for his idea that actresses are in the main superior to actors.

The little theatre has not been without Italian exponents, but they have not been highly successful. La Cannobbiana and the Teatro del Convegno of Milan gave up the ghost in economic difficulties, after accomplishing relatively little. The Teatro degli Indipendenti occupies the site of ancient

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Roman baths, but is only partly a theatre and for the rest a mere Bohemian rendezvous. It remains to be seen what Pirandello is going to do with his magnificent new Teatro d'Arte, which is subsidized by the Government and started off with high promises though unsatisfactory attendance. This company is not to play in Rome alone, but is to tour the Italian provinces and also to extend its field to South America. Hitherto it has had rather sparse audiences, mainly because its prices are so high.

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A FRENCH 'FAUST'

PARIS has been interested by the first productions of a French version of the Faust legend — not so French as it might be, after all, for it owes a great deal to Goethe. The new *Faust* is by M. Louis Forest and M. Charles Robert Dumas. M. Forest is a dramatist with a wide range, for he had a hand in the thriller, *Le Procureur Hallers*, which Gémier played in New York and which the *Living Age* reproduced at that time, and M. Dumas enjoys such advantages as come from a mighty name. But neither of these qualifications has saved them from some difficulties with Faust.

M. André Billy, one of the most famous humorists in France, sums up the *répétition générale* as follows: *Salle excellente, mais couloirs désastreux.* That might stand as the epitaph of a good many French dramatists' ambitions. Freely translated and somewhat elaborated, it means this. The *répétition générale*, or public rehearsal, is attended mainly by two classes — first, friends of the author; second, the critics. There is a third class, the grafters, who manage to force their way in, but they do not matter. Given such an assemblage, the audience's attitude is easily understood. *Salle excellente* means that all the author's friends applaud. The critics may not applaud, but it would be as much as their lives are worth to hiss when the author's friends were present in massed battalions. Consequently they reserve their comments for those critical conversations in the *couloirs* during the entr'acte when all the gentlemen of the press get together and try to make up their minds.

The comments of the *couloir* would be rather harmless except for the fact that they have a way of trickling into the next morning's papers and thereby affecting the subsequent audiences. That is what happened to the first performance of *Faust*, which met with very bad reviews in the press. Hence the brutal downrightness of André Rivoire's comment in *Le Temps:* 'M. Louis Forest and M. Charles Robert Dumas have set themselves to offer us a trashy transposition. They have evidently carried out their intention with much care.' Rivoire suggests that M. Gémier, who mounted the piece, saw himself in the rôle of Mephistopheles and could not resist the temptation.

The story of how the new *Faust* came to be written is rather interesting. One day M. Forest was in the train, reading Goethe's *Faust*, when he looked up, to behold another gentleman also reading Goethe's *Faust*. This was M. Charles Robert Dumas. Under the circumstances they could do nothing less than strike up a friendship. Friendship led to the play. André Rivoire complains that the two French dramatists have made their Mephistopheles a mere ruffian, and that Gémier, taking them at their word, has played Mephistopheles in that spirit.

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STEVENSON'S BIOGRAPHER DEFENDS HIMSELF

A BELATED defense of his biography of Stevenson appears in *T. P.'s and*

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Cassell's Weekly from the pen of Mr. J. A. Steuart, whose book stirred up a tremendous row on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not quite accurate to say that the defense is belated, in view of the fact that Mr. Steuart engaged in critical belligerency with most of his adverse commentators as soon as their comments appeared. But this is the first full-dress article in which he has justified himself, his methods, and his revelations. Mr. Steuart explains that, when the biography was first suggested, he demurred on the ground that Stevenson as a subject was rather exhausted. When, however, he began to examine the material at his disposal he realized that there was an entirely new Stevenson who might be presented to the public. Consequently, 'to present him in all his integrity as man and writer became a duty, and I hesitated no longer.'

Mr. Steuart defends his biography of Stevenson on the ground that it tells much that is new and important, and although some of the revelations may be to Stevenson's discredit, the sum-total reveals him as 'a far bigger, braver, more lovable, more inspiring figure than he had ever before appeared.'

As to his own qualifications, Mr. Steuart modestly says that there are at least two. First, he admired his subject; second he was also a novelist. And he goes on to say: —

> Finally, as a guiding principle I set before myself this ideal — to be scrupulously fair. In writing my book I never forgot that if I were unjust, if I misrepresented him, Stevenson could not reply. From the first I had before me that lonely grave on the top of Mount Vaea, and often in the stillness of night I seemed to hear a voice whispering admonition and encouragement across the long, long leagues of ocean. That means, of course, the closest intimacy of communion; and, indeed, there were times when Stevenson seemed to be looking over my shoulder, and I wrote as under his eye. Again and again I canceled or rewrote passages almost as to the dictation of my unseen companion.
>
> All idea of trimming or suppression was rigorously excluded. If my book were not to be superfluous and useless, the truth, as I found it, must be told without fear or favor. Sincerity in every detail was a *sine qua non*. For that I had Stevenson's own unequivocal authority. 'I don't want to be made out a damned angel after I am dead,' he once told Henry James. More explicitly he formulated the rule for all such work — 'Truth to the fact and a good spirit in the writing.' Such were my ideals; such was my warrant or commission.

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POEMS BY DREAM

In an article on R. D. Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*, which appears in the London *Bookman* Mr. S. M. Ellis tells once more a story about the novelist's lyric, *Dominus Iluminatio Mea*, which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch selected for both his anthologies. There is nothing in Blackmore's books to indicate that he was interested in the mystic or the occult, and yet in 1878 he heard his lyric in a dream. Blackmore had attended the funeral of a much-loved relative a few days before. He dreamed that he was again at this funeral, and he heard the mourners sing a curious dirgelike hymn. The music appears to have vanished from his memory, but when he waked he clearly remembered the words: —

> In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
> When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
> And pain has exhausted every limb —
> The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.
>
> When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed,
> And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
> And the widow and child forsake the dead,
> The angel of the Lord shall lift his head.

These appear to have been published at first anonymously, for in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* Sir Arthur

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Quiller-Couch gives no author's name. In his later anthology, the *Victorian Book of Verse*, he credits it to Blackmore.

TENNYSONIAN GRUFFNESS

In a new book, *Memories and Reflections*, which has just appeared in London, Lady Troubridge prints a reminiscence of Tennyson which makes that great man appear rather more of a bear than usual.

A near neighbor in the Isle of Wight was Alfred Tennyson, and there are many interesting glimpses into the simple daily life of the great poet.

I walked with him every day for weeks, and talked quite frankly and easily. The only difficulty was that he took everything quite literally and believed everything one said.

Yet he could be bearish, and once I was quite furious with him. We went to see a cottage of his that was on fire. Tennyson told me the price the cottage had cost to build, then stood in gloomy silence, while one of those silent watchers who so often dogged his footsteps came near enough to hear the poet tell me gruffly he was tired.

I suggested sitting on the ground, and we were just dropping down when the man rushed up and spread his cloak, *à la* Walter Raleigh, upon the ground. Tennyson looked at it a moment, and then sat down in silence. 'I have nothing to lean against,' was his next remark.

At this the tourist, never out of earshot, rushed forward again and, squatting down behind the poet, made a kind of chair with his knees, against which Tennyson leaned unconcernedly. It never entered his head to say 'Thank you,' or that anything was required or expected of him in any way.

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN CONSIDERS RADIO

Mr. A. B. Walkley of the *Times* has a word to say about broadcasting: —

There is a touch of magic about it. You clap on a kind of metal headdress, and lo, there come to you voices from the void, or, rather, from the uttermost parts of the earth. At one moment you are in a Birmingham concert-room listening to the Hallé orchestra playing a symphony of Lalo's, at another you are with the crowd at the Savoy, dancing to the saxophones of the Havana band, and chattering 'like mad' between the dances, and then, hey presto! after a little buzzing and whistling, you hear a voice, with nasal accents and rough 'r's,' announcing a programme from 'K D K A.' It is Pittsburgh, U.S.A., that you are listening to, and you form a mental picture of the Pittsburgh crowd that is listening with you, and perhaps wonder how Pittsburgh can put up with such commonplace music. Commonplace or not, there is something miraculous in your being able to hear it.

THE UNIVERSITY ETHIOPIANS

Maxims adopted by the 'Ethiopians,' a student fraternity in the Communist University at Perm, Russia, as reported by *Dni*, a Russian paper which does not love Communists: —

'Down with conscience, down with shame, down with civilization, down with Europe, down with every discipline, down with laws.

'An Ethiopian does not take anything for granted.

'Remember that there are seven days in a week, and never work on any of them, for this contradicts Ethiopian ethics.

'Do not be nasty to those who are able to give you a beating.

'Do not kill your enemy, because they might send you to a reformatory, but make his life so miserable that he won't live any longer.

'Never envy anyone, but if you can, steal or take away the object that excites your envy.'

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. 2 vols. $10.00.

'One of those extraordinary phenomena, a German best-seller,' says the London *Nation and Athenæum*, rather patronizingly, of Count Hermann Keyserling's *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher;* and the verdict, though it offers an unjustifiably discouraging introduction to a book upon whose merits and importance critics in various parts of the world have agreed for several years, at least emphasizes the most remarkable fact about it. For *The Travel Diary* is a best-seller. It has run through 50,000 copies since the first German edition appeared a few years ago. At this point the fastidious reader will remark disdainfully that best-sellers have happened before; but ere he curls a scornful lip he must weigh the fact that not since the *Origin of Species* has the sale of a bulky work in two uncompromisingly intellectual volumes climbed into figures which — in Germany — rivaled those of a popular novel.

Sales are a notoriously poor criterion of intellectual or literary merit, but if any author ever did hang his head over commercial success — which is to be doubted — Count Keyserling, in the opinion of British and German critics, has no cause to do so. The reason for his success lies chiefly in the way he writes philosophy — which is not necessarily a dreary business, as our own William James has proved, and as Plato demonstrated long before him. Count Keyserling set out to write philosophy like a novel — there is an irreverent joke of this sort about William and Henry James — and he adds in his preface that he wants his book read as if it were a novel. The German public took him at his word. It read him like a novel and it even bought him like a novel.

Count Keyserling, now a man of forty-five, wrote his book while still in his early thirties — a fact which gives point to the adverse criticism of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, of which more anon. He is by birth a Balt — that is, a scion of one of those numerous German families which settled in the Baltic possessions of the Tsars and did rather more than their share to fertilize Russian intellectual and official life. Educated as a boy on the family estates at Koenns and Rayküll, he studied at Dorpat and Heidelberg, at first specializing in geology and not turning to philosophy until 1902. In 1905 his first work in his new field was published, and in the same year the first Russian Revolution deprived him of his private fortune for two years.

When he recovered his possessions he went to Berlin, lectured at Hamburg, and traveled a little, but on inheriting the estates retired to Rayküll, and in 1911 set out on his journey around the world. The manuscript of his *Travel Diary* was finished in 1914, but the outbreak of the war cut him off from his German publisher — Esthonia being at that time a Russian possession and not an independent state as it is to-day. Having the proofs of his second volume in his hands and no way of returning them, he spent the next four years in revision.

The war left curiously little trace upon his thought, and he has since founded a School of Wisdom at Darmstadt which aims at nothing less than the regeneration of the human race.

The genesis of the *Travel Diary* is simple but extraordinary. Count Keyserling wanted to find his own soul, and in 1911 he set out to do it by traveling around the world — a method not at the disposal of those to whom fortune has been financially less kind! Let us allow him to explain his venture in his own words.

> I am not fond of reading, I hardly need my fellow men, and I am tending more and more toward the life of a hermit, in which shape I can doubtless fulfill my destiny better than in any

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other. There is no help for it; I am a metaphysician and can be nothing else, — no matter what else I may undertake, be it successful or not, — and this means that I am seriously interested only in the world's potentialities, not in its actualities. As a matter of habit, and partially as a form of self-discipline, I keep up with the progress of the natural sciences, I go on studying the peculiarities of those who cross my path, or I read the books in which they have expressed themselves, but all this concerns me no more.

What, then, is the explanation of the deeply rooted instinct which bade me travel around the world — an instinct no less imperious than the one which in earlier days bade me move, in unfailing sequence, from clime to clime, to maintain the equilibrium of my precarious health by external means? It is not curiosity: my antipathy toward all 'sight-seeing,' in so far as it does not bear any relation to my inner aspirations, has steadily increased. Nor is it in pursuit of any search, for there is no longer any particular problem which my being could take really seriously. The impulse which drives me into the wide world is precisely the same as that which drives so many into monasteries — the desire for self-realization.

Some years ago, when I determined to live at Rayküll, I imagined that I needed the world no longer. And indeed I should not have stood in need of it had I conceived my goal to be the ripening of ideas which had already begun to shoot in me, for their development is nowhere less endangered than in seclusion, which is poor in, or barren of, external stimulus. But I expected more than that of Rayküll. I had hoped that its seclusion would help me to that ultimate self-realization thanks to which the thoughts which would come to me might appear as the pure expression of metaphysical reality; I had hoped that there I would grow beyond all accidental fetters of time and space. This hope was disappointed. I had to recognize that, although in my solitude I became more and more 'myself,' it was not in the metaphysical but in the empirical sense, and that was in the precise opposite of what I aimed at. I had to recognize that it was too early for me to renounce the world. . . .

How far does the world help toward the self-realization which I desire? We are usually told that the world hinders it. It helps him whose nature possesses the corresponding qualities, by forcing his soul continually to ever-new formations.

I therefore begin my journey round the world. Europe has nothing more to give me. Its life is too familiar to force my being to new developments. Apart from this, it is too narrowly confined. The whole of Europe is essentially of one spirit. I wish to go to latitudes where my life must become quite different to make existence possible, where understanding necessitates a radical renewal of one's means of comprehension — latitudes where I will be forced to forget that which up to now I knew and was as much as possible. I want to let the climate of the tropics, the Indian mode of consciousness, the Chinese code of life, and many other factors which I cannot envisage in advance, work their spell upon me one after the other, and then watch what will become of me. When I shall have perceived all the coördinates, I ought also to have determined their centre. I ought then to have passed beyond all accidents of time and space. If anything at all will lead me to myself, a digression round the world will do so.

When the book first came out in Germany, critical opinion was in the main favorable. The same is true on the whole of the critical judgments that have been passed on the translation in England. Dean Inge is naturally interested in the religious implications in the *Travel Diary* and discusses it in two of his regular articles in the London *Morning Post:* —

Count Keyserling has studied, on the spot, Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, and Americanized Christianity. His conclusion is that a religion cannot flourish on alien soil, and that where there is a strong Church already in possession a drastic religious

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reform is seldom able to establish itself. The Jewish Church successfully repelled Christianity, which lives, much modified by the change, as a European and not as an Asiatic religion. Buddhism could not overcome the national religion of India; the Hindus either rejected or corrupted it, and it corrupted them. It is strong in Burma and Ceylon, where the gentle, energetic people find its teaching of unworldliness and renunciation congenial; but southern Buddhism does not embody the whole teaching of the Master. In the north, Buddhism degenerated into the worship of idols and relics; and though, thus Brahmanized, it nominally conquered China, it had very little influence upon the realistic and unspeculative spirit of the Chinese, whose national prophet is Confucius. The same is true in Japan, where the intense patriotism and ambitious activity of the people are wholly opposed to the temper of Buddhism. Keyserling thinks that the Japanese are not Oriental in character, and that the religion best suited to them is Protestant Christianity.

Buddhism is the religion of the tropics; it is wholly unsuited to Europeans, and the attempts to found a sect of Buddhists in the West have resulted in complete perversion. . . .

Buddha himself was an aristocrat, with a rather detached sympathy for weak human nature. As a thinker he was far inferior to the Brahmans; his immense influence was due to the splendid example of a perfect character. Our author thinks that Christ was too far above other men to attack them in the same way. In spite of the attempts of Catholicism to legalize a double standard of conduct, one for the ordinary man and the other for the saint, the command, 'Be ye perfect,' is really addressed to all, and it is too exacting. Buddha also had a gospel for all, unlike the creed of the proud Brahmans, but it was an easier ideal than that of Christ. And so, while the Buddhist virtues are the virtues of most Buddhists to a very high degree, there is, Keyserling says, 'a daring contrast between the profession of the average Christian and the manner of his life.'

To this it may be answered that Buddhism has dehumanized its founder, in seeking to honor him, as much as the Christian Churches have dehumanized Christ, and that the transference of the Gospel from a world of Syrian peasants to the world of modern nationalism and industrialism raises sharper contrasts than any which can be found in the unchanging East. Nor do I agree that 'Christianity was originally a religion of the proletariat, with a prejudice in favor of lives that have failed, and resentment against those who are happy.' This mistake is often made; in reality, the first disciples were anything rather than 'proletarians'; they belonged to an independent and fairly prosperous class of farmers, fishermen, and tradesmen. Keyserling's suggestion that modern revolutionary movements are the fruit of Christ's teaching is curiously at variance with the opinion of the revolutionists themselves.

But though the Dean may differ, he can also praise, and he opens his first article by calling the *Travel Diary* 'a really profound and original book.' As an Englishman he is quick to note Keyserling's praise of the English: 'Their superiority over the other peoples of Europe cannot at present be reasonably contested. They alone are really perfect in their way, and to perfection everyone bows the knee.' Dean Inge notes with interest that 'the Germans, who have bought many thousands of this book, do not resent what the author says about the English'; but one may harbor a shrewd suspicion that 'what the author says about the English' is *not* what the Dean thinks about them. It certainly is not what he says.

The Nation and the Athenæum is not disposed to take so favorable a view, and observes that, if Count Keyserling has done all he claims, 'he knows more than anyone who has lived,' supporting its statement with an entry made in the *Diary*.

> ADYAR. I am taking the rich opportunities offered by the Adyar library in order to complete my knowledge concerning Yoga. If I summarized everything

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which is contained in the writings of the Indians, together with the Yoga regulations of classical antiquity, of the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Christian Church, and modern science, — and this is quite possible, — then I find that, disregarding the creation of new psychic organs, whose processes are still wrapped in darkness and will presumably remain so, then I find . . .

Upon this the British reviewer thus comments: —

Does Count Keyserling really pretend that he knows all the necessary languages and has digested the enormous libraries of heterogeneous lore necessary for such 'general connections'? It is frankly unthinkable. Further, he rarely quotes, and then generally from those works of Oriental wisdom that are easily within the reach of the European student. Further, again, when he gets down to homelier figures, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, William Blake, the painters of the Quattrocento, he is far from showing the extraordinary intimacy he pretends. His absence of all standards of value is also curious. He loftily doles out the same meed of praise or blame to Plato, Aristotle, Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Mrs. Eddy, Adele Kamm, Mr. Leadbeater, Adela Curtis of the School of Silence, Kensington, and many others too numerous to mention. The result is that we are never told anything definite about anybody or anything, so unceasing are the general connections. We are always being told the effect on Count Keyserling of Hindu, Buddhist, and Mahommedan rites in every part of the East, but no detailed description is given of any of these services that induced in Count Keyserling such emotions. We turn away with pleasure to the occasional charm of his descriptions of scenery and to curious characters he sometimes met, such as an English snake-tamer in Ceylon. We cannot pretend to have read every word of *The Travel Diary*, but page after page runs on without leaving any fixed image on the mind — that, perhaps, is almost inevitable. Many thousands of people, however, have apparently gained comfort from Count Keyserling, and no doubt thoroughly enjoy the classes he has started at his 'School of Wisdom' in Darmstadt. But that does not alter the fact that if he teaches what he writes, it is — unconscious — quackery.

Such a verdict upon a writer with followers so numerous as Count Keyserling's was not likely to go unchallenged. Herr G. A. Sellbach, Secretary of the School of Wisdom, promptly wrote a letter of protest in which he pointed out that 'it does, indeed, contrast singularly with all the other important reviews of this book, not only on the Continent, but also in England and America.' To back up his own judgment he quoted the opinion of Dr. Josef Redlich, former Austrian Minister of Finance and once a lecturer at the Williamstown Conference — an eminent scholar, undoubtedly, but not quite a philosopher. In Dr. Redlich's opinion the book is 'the predestined guide for leading back the modern European intellectual to the true home of the spirit and the soul. To me it has given as much as have Kant, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and more than any book by a living author has done.'

Other British reviews are laudatory. The *Adelphi* refers to the *Diary* as 'this remarkable book,' and comments enthusiastically on the quality of the translation. John Cournos, writing in *T. P.'s*, seems to lay more stress on the travel than the philosophy, but notes that 'Count Keyserling has indeed the great gift of entering the skins of the races and cults he happens to be studying.' The pontifical *Times* calls it an 'astonishing performance,' which will 'repay very careful study,' and agrees with Mr. Cournos that the author 'naturalized himself wherever he went and probably no European has ever succeeded so completely in becoming a Buddhist in Ceylon, or Hindu in Benares, or Confucianist in China.'

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Arnaldo Cipolla is an Italian journalist whose work is already familiar to readers of the *Living Age*. His running-mate in this month's team is **Robert de Traz,** editor of the *Revue de Genève*, keen student of contemporary life, author of numerous books.

An old friend and once a fellow student of Sargent, the English painter, **Hamilton Minchin,** writes out of many years' store of memories. All good Bostonians will rise in wrath at his scornful comment on some of the Sargents their city possesses, but his article is none the less interesting on that account.

L. A. Morrison is a lover of walking and the *Golden Treasury* — two laudable enthusiasms.

Siegfried Albert Scholz, a German colonist in Brazil, is an old friend, whose earlier article appeared in the June monthly number of the *Living Age*.

Critic and creative writer, that painfully infrequent combination, meet in **Stefan Zweig,** who has a fair claim to dispute with Schnitzler the title of Austria's most eminent living literary man. A careful stylist, he has been compared with Sainte-Beuve, and is a devoted student of French literature. The French critic, Albéric Cahuet, once said of his translations of Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Verhaeren that they were written 'as no German would have known how to write.' He is Romain Rolland's friend and biographer — the one by no means implies the other.

Once a captain in the German army and the author of *Through France and Belgium as an Adjutant,* **Otto von Gottberg** is a writer of newspaper articles on naval, military, and political subjects. Besides numerous books about the war, he has written a volume on American neutrality, — hundred-per-centers are advised to avoid it, — and has of late been investigating color problems in Africa, where American color problems began.

London knows **Percy A. Scholes** as the learned but always witty and interesting musical critic of the *Observer*. Listeners-in of the British Isles — and occasionally on our own continent if atmospheric conditions are favorable — are more indebted to him than they know, for, as critic of the British Broadcasting Company, it is he who sits in judgment on the music which goes out by radio to all of Britain and the empty air beyond.

Henry Tristram is a priest of the Birmingham Oratory, which Cardinal Newman founded and in which he spent all but four years of his life after his conversion.

Lord Birkenhead is that same F. E. Smith who once by an unlucky speech about ' the rights of Christian peoples ' drew down on himself the wrath, expressed in a poem with a scathing line, of no less a pamphleteer than G. K. Chesterton. As a young man he had a distinguished career at Oxford and was, among other things, President of the Oxford Union. He entered Parliament in 1906 and held the offices of Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor before becoming Secretary for India in the present Cabinet. He has written many articles for the press, especially the *Sunday Times* and *London Magazine*, occasionally reviewing the same book twice over in the same periodical. His troubles in Parliament over these activities are hailed with no little glee by British journalists, who have no liking for outside competition. Like Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead for some time saw active service in the war. He was raised to the peerage in 1919.

The 'Father' of the House of Commons — better known as **T. P.,** initials which, to be correct, must be pronounced with a very broad accent — has spent forty-five years in Parliament, the last forty of them for the same constituency. He was once elected simultaneously by two constituencies, and he may fairly claim to have known everybody of any importance in London during the last two generations, to say nothing of the present. 'Tay Pay' is undoubtedly the most prolific journalist in the British Isles. He contributes lengthily to the *Daily Telegraph* whenever there is a death among the good and great, he writes a weekly column of gossip for the *Sunday Times*, and in his spare time he edits a weekly journal of his own. The attitude of his political foes — 'Tay Pay' being a relic of the Irish Nationalists — was summed up by the Liberal Viscount Cave, who once declared, in proposing his health, that the veteran M.P. was 'always eloquent, always attractive, and always wrong.'

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SEPTEMBER EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Vienna. Fourth Session, International Summer School (Sept. 1–30); Sample Fair (Sept. 6–13).

Bregenz. Motor races, yachting, motor regatta (September).

Salzburg. Music Festival (Aug. 13–31).

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Prague. Sample Fair (Sept. 2–28).

Gratz (Hradec). Sample Fair (Aug. 29–Sept. 6).

FRANCE

Paris. Decorative Arts Exhibition (Apr.–Oct.); Exhibition of Inventions and Novelties (Aug.–Sept.).

Abois. Fête of the vintages (September).

Alise-Ste.-Reine. Pilgrimage (Sept. 7).

Avignon St. Didier. Pilgrimage (Sept. 5).

Biarritz. Traditional Basque Fête (Sept. 13).

Calvi (Corsica). Fête of Notre Dame de la Serra (Sept. 13).

Chamonix-Mont-Blanc. Local fashion fête (Sept. 29).

Carnac. Pardon of Saint Cornely (Sept. 13).

Concarneau. Breton Pardon (Sept. 20).

Constantine (Algeria). Fête (Sept. 5).

Douai. Country fair of Aniche; Defile of the Giant Kopierre (Sept. 27).

Foix. Fête (Sept. 7–9).

Folgoet. Pardon (Sept. 7–8).

Fontenay-le-Comte. Vendéen Pilgrimage (Sept. 8).

Gourin and *Chapelle St. Hervé.* Pardon, wrestling, races (Sept. 27).

Le Blanc. Pilgrimage of Les Vons Saints (Sept. 6).

Lille. Fête of the Braderie (Sept. 7).

Mt. Cassel. Fête and flower battle (Sept. 15).

Nîmes. Bull fighting (Sept.).

Plougastel-Daoulas. Fire pardon (Sept. 6).

Plouescat. Pardon of the Calvaire (Sept. 13).

Pontivy. Breton Pardon (Sept. 13).

Pont-l'Abbé. Pardon, rustic fair, peasant dances (Sept. 27).

Pont-Aven. Pardon (Sept. 20).

Porspoder. Pardon (Sept. 10).

Quimperlé. Pardon (Sept. 20).

Royan sur l'Ocean. Fête of Pontaillac (Sept. 10).

Rumengol. Breton pardon (Sept. 8).

Ste. Anne de la Palue. Pardon of the Sea (Sept. 29).

St. Pol-de-Leon. Pardon (Sept. 13).

Tlemcen (Algeria). 'Mouloud' festival (Anniversary of the Prophet's birth) (Sept. 30).

Uzes. Local fête (Sept. 27).

Vichy. Provincial fête (Sept. 13).

GERMANY

Berlin. Automobile Exhibition (Sept.–Oct.).

Breslau. International Sample and Book Fair (Sept. 6–8).

Dresden. Industrial Exhibit (June–Sept. 30).

Karlsruhe. Fall Week, closing with South German Heimattag (Sept.–Oct.).

Konigsberg. Sixth Annual Wood Fair (September).

Leipzig. Fair (Aug. 30–Sept. 6); Hide, leather, and fur exhibition (Aug.–Sept.).

Mannheim. Fair of German Invention (Sept.).

Munich. German traffic exhibition (June–Oct.).

Stuttgart. Autumn exhibit, jewelry, and watchmaking (Sept.); Stationers' Exhibition (Sept 2–24).

GREAT BRITAIN

London. Austrian Arts and Industry Exhibition (May–Oct.); British Empire Exhibition (May–Oct.); Confectioners' Exhibition, Agricultural Hall (Sept. 5–11); Seventieth International Exhibition of Photography (Sept.–Oct.); South of England Lawn Tennis (Sept. 14–19); Opening of the Football season (Sept. 1); Lord Mayor and Corporation attend service at St. Lawrence Jewry (Sept. 29); Harvest festival (Fish) at St. Magnus's (Sept. 27).

Races. Champagne Stakes, Doncaster (Sept. 8); St. Leger (Sept. 9); Doncaster Cup (Sept. 11) Autumn Handicap, Newbury (Sept. 26).

HOLLAND

Amsterdam. Six-hundred-and-fiftieth Anniversary Celebration (July 15–Sept. 15).

Utrecht. Thirteenth Dutch Industrial Fair (Sept. 8–17).

ITALY

Abbazia. Swimming races (September).

Florence. Festival of the Rificolone (September).

Naples. Feast of Piedigrotta, Fifth International Sample Fair, and National Sample Fair (during September).

Scanno. Festival of Saint Eustace.

Stresa (Lake Maggiore). Tennis tournament, flower show (September).

Venice. Continuation of Prague Music Festival.

Viterbo. Traditional Festival (September).

Races. Italian St. Leger (Sept. 2); trotting races for 500,000 lire in prizes, Venice (Sept.); Milan Jockey Club Prize 100,000 lire (September).

JAPAN

Tokyo. State Festival of Shuuki Koorei Sai (Feast of the Autumnal Equinox (Sept. 24); climbing season for Mt. Fujiyama (July 10–Sept. 10).

SWITZERLAND

Geneva. International Wireless Telegraphy and Cinema Exhibit (September).

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